

GG70325

VOLUME TEN NUMBER ELEVEN

# club

85p

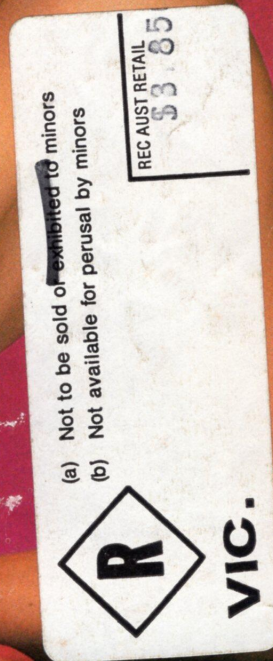
**INTERNATIONAL**

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

ITALY LIRE 5500 FRANCE FRANCS 30

GERMANY DM 12 SPAIN PTAS 390

## ANOTHER CELEBRITY NUDE SCOOP



**SCH...YOU KNOW WHO  
WE'VE GOT FULL FRONTAL?  
SCHWEPPES NEW TV  
GIRL EXPLICIT INSIDE!**



# A sound system that leaves your Hi-Fi standing.



With the Compo System 2 a car becomes a Hi-Fi on wheels. Separates slot together with dash. Even on the roughest ride, the smoothest sound. MCC 990—the first car radio to tune itself, and keep itself tuned. Stereo cassette player with Hi-Fi specification. Graphic equaliser boosters for full dynamic range. Two or four highpowered speakers. Build the system that suits your motor. And be moved.

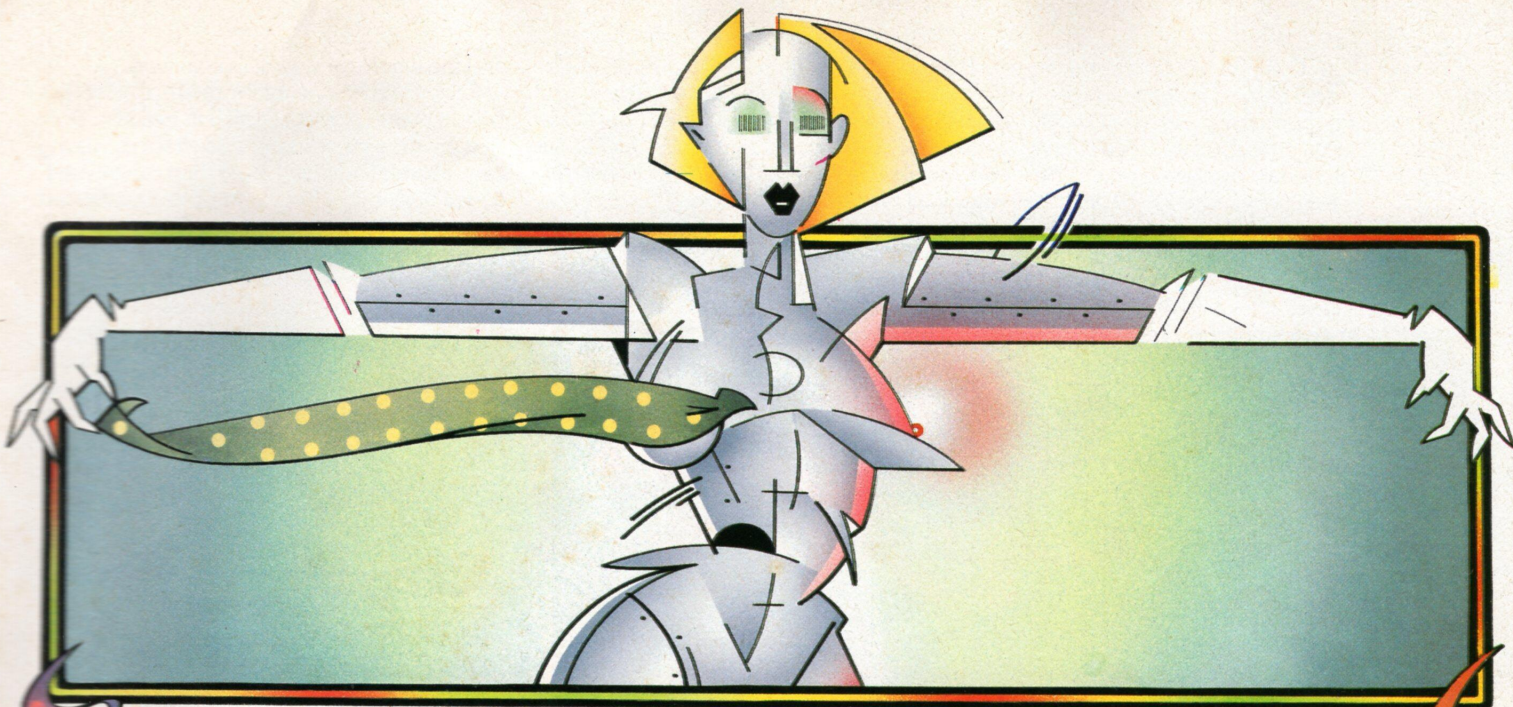
## Sounds like Philips.

# PHILIPS

Simply years ahead.







# CONTENTS

**CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume 10: Number 11: Price 85p**

<b>STREET LEGAL</b> <i>Motoring by John McGouren</i>	<b>Page 4</b>	<b>Page 46</b>	<b>REBECCA</b> <i>Photos by Fanny</i>
<b>THE BODY OF THE CORPORATE STRUCTURE</b> <i>By Jeremy Loomis</i>	<b>Page 8</b>	<b>Page 56</b>	<b>CELEBRITY SPOT</b>
<b>LISA</b> <i>Photos by Rupert Daines</i>	<b>Page 14</b>	<b>Page 64</b>	<b>ISADORA</b> <i>Photos by Fanny</i>
<b>SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL LIBRARY</b> <i>By Les Moran</i>	<b>Page 20</b>	<b>Page 72</b>	<b>READERS' WRITES</b> <i>Your Letters</i>
<b>PAULINE</b> <i>Photos by Michel Moreau</i>	<b>Page 26</b>	<b>Page 74</b>	<b>AFFECTIONATELY YOURS</b> <i>Your private polaroids</i>
<b>TANIA'S TRAVELS</b>	<b>Page 34</b>		
<b>KATE</b> <i>Photos by Fanny</i>	<b>Page 36</b>	<b>Page 86</b>	<b>LYDIA</b> <i>Photos by Fanny</i>



Paul Raymond: *Publisher*; Roger Cook: *Editor*; Jimmy Mejka: *Assistant Editor*; Roger Watt: *Art Director and Associate Editor*; Chris Robins: *Advertising Director*; Mike Stall: *Circulation Director*; Tony Power: *Executive Director*; Carl Snitcher: *Chief Executive*; Jacque Calvert: *Associate Art Director*; Mark Pritchard and Kimberley Leston: *Art Assistants*

Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. Tel: 01-734 9191. Filmset by Crawley Composition Ltd, Crawley, Sussex. Colour by Colorscan, High Wycombe, printed Web Offset by HunterPrint Group Ltd, Radlett, Herts. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not, without the consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. All contributions, including colour transparencies or photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk, and while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, nor its agents, accept liability for loss or damage. Distributed by COMAG, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7OE (West Drayton 4405). Telex 8813787 COMAG G. Managing Director Philip Harris. © November 1981.



**R**In California building, driving and owning customised cars is as normal and everyday as calling in on McDonald's for a quarter pounder, or chewing gum. Between the ages of 10 and 55 most Californian males seem to feel obliged to change in some respect their car/van/truck's appearance and/or performance. This obsession is catered to by the biggest and most comprehensive 'after-parts' market in the world.

Given all these components, the desire, the availability of parts and services, the skills, then all that is required to complete the picture of a custom car paradise is that vital ingredient – money. On America's west coast that little problem is more easily solved than anywhere else. The biggest and most populous state in the Union is rich, rich, rich! Opportunities to make money abound, all that is required is to work, and the harder one works the bigger are the rewards. In the Northern Californian town of Modesto, beautifully customised cars can be seen each and every day. (That is unless it is raining, a thing that doesn't happen too often during the months of April through to October.) The blue skys and burning sun bring out the 'kustoms', and unless they are very, very special nobody turns a head to watch them pass by.

Four special customs are featured here, three cars, and a pick-up truck, that essential requirement for any true Californian male.

Bill Flint is a lieutenant in the Modesto Fire Department, a pillar of that town's society, and a lover of customised cars. His 1930 Ford Model 'A' coupé was built by him in 1977, and has clocked up over 54,000 miles since then. He uses it all the time, to go to work, do the shopping in; taking vacations and weekends up in the Sierras sees him using the Ford. It features a 327CI Chevrolet V-8 engine, running on an 11-1 compression ratio, it has a Weiland Tunnel-ram intake manifold topped with a Holley 850 cfm carburettor, with a Turbo 400 automatic transmission,

and the whole car was Bill's own work.

Glen Wild is one of Northern California's best-known custom painters. His beautiful work is seen on cars, vans, trucks, tractors, racing cars, aircraft and many more than can be mentioned here, but before he set up and established himself in this field, back in 1965 in fact, Glen was at high school and bought a 1933 Plymouth coupé. Since then he has, when time permitted, worked on its mechanical and cosmetic state. With a 292CI Dodge 'Red Ram' V-8 engine mated to a Muncie four-speed gearbox, and a Corvette rear end, his coupé represents what most people think of when they consider the American Custom car. With its sober dark red paint finish, set off by the chromium-plated suspension parts, it is a very desirable vehicle.

The dark metallic brown Buick 8 is yet another way of producing a custom car. Still to be fully completed, it is owned by Vito Marcellus. His Buick has a Buick V-8 engine, Turbo 400 auto transmission, power steering and brakes, the

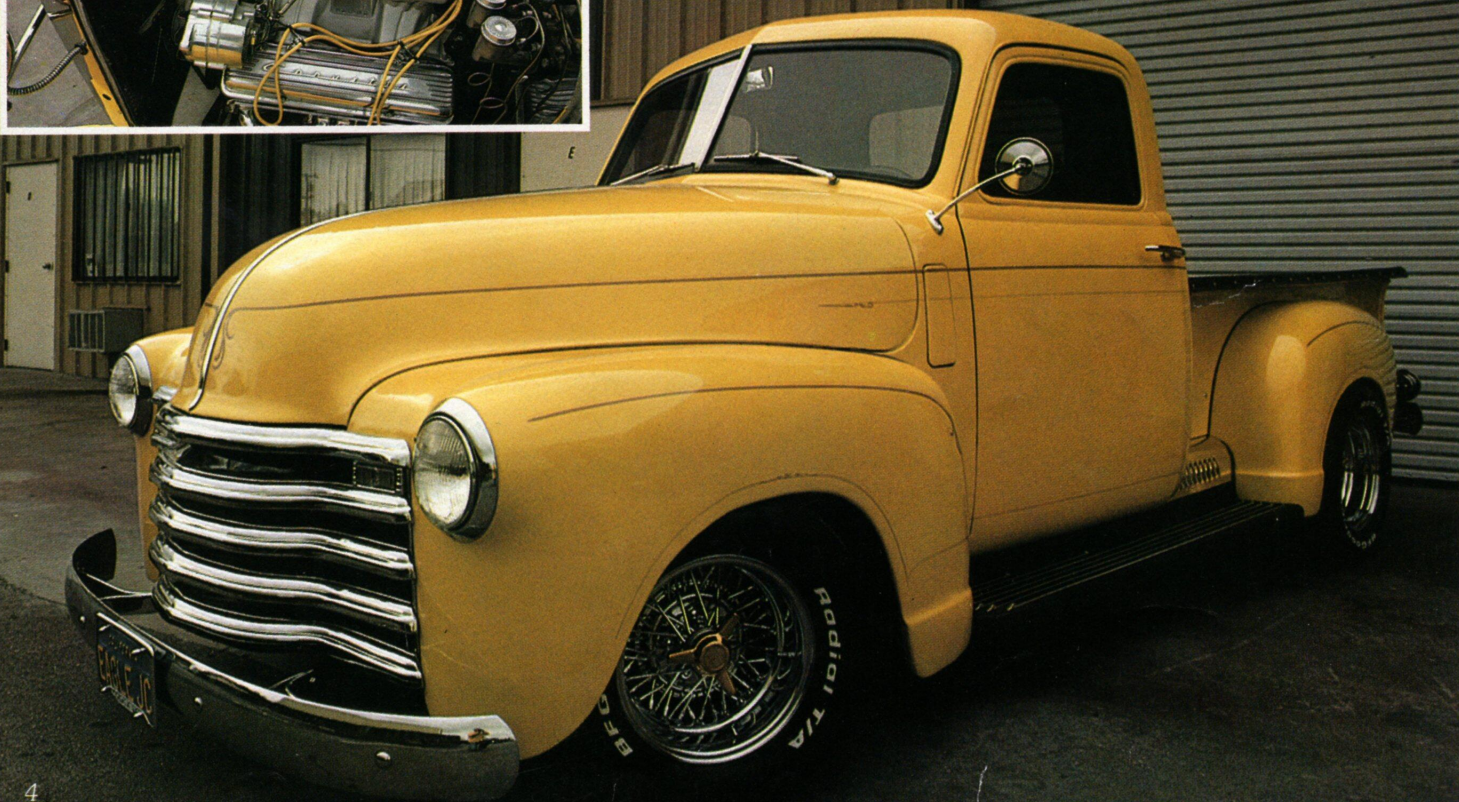
whole thing topped off with a set of True-spoke wire wheels. A quiet Custom-car.

Lastly, Joe Colver's magnificent Chevrolet 1949 pick-up truck. A 283CI V-8 engine is mounted in an engine bay so clean that you really could eat your dinner off it, with superb detailing and standard of fit that it is more like an art piece which would not be out of place in a museum or art gallery. Air-conditioning shows the viewer that it is a serious vehicle.

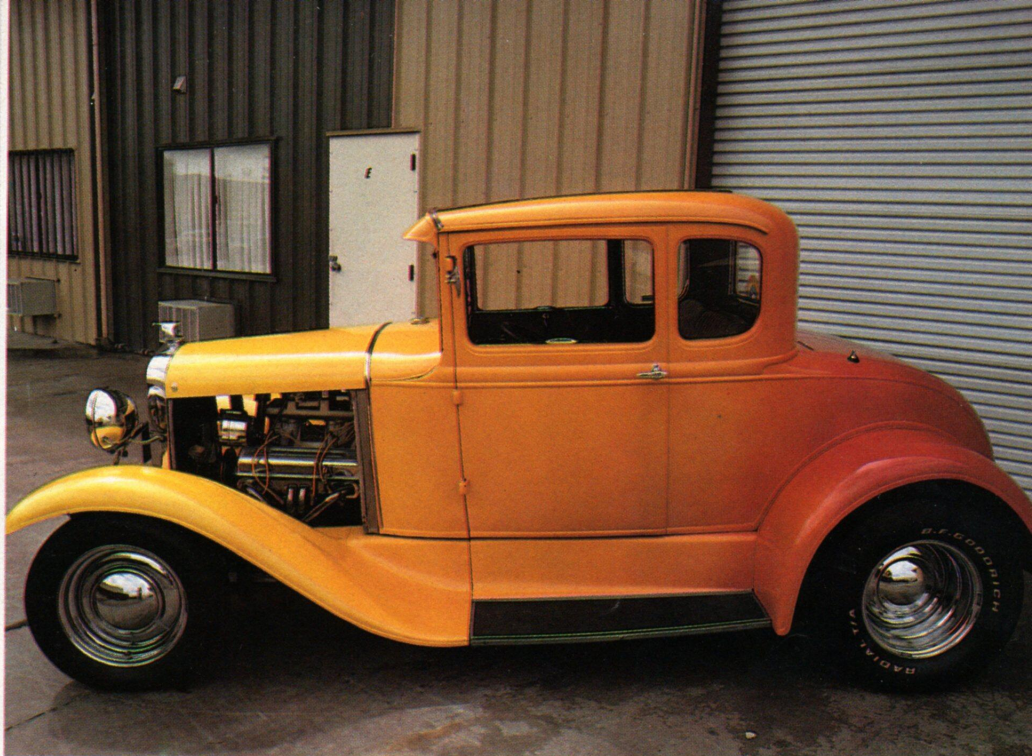
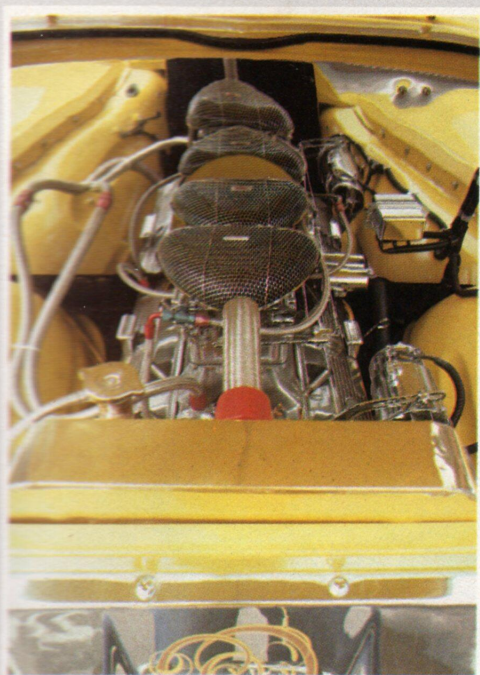
# Street Regal...

Jaguar front suspension (all course, chromium and rear parts, of plated!).

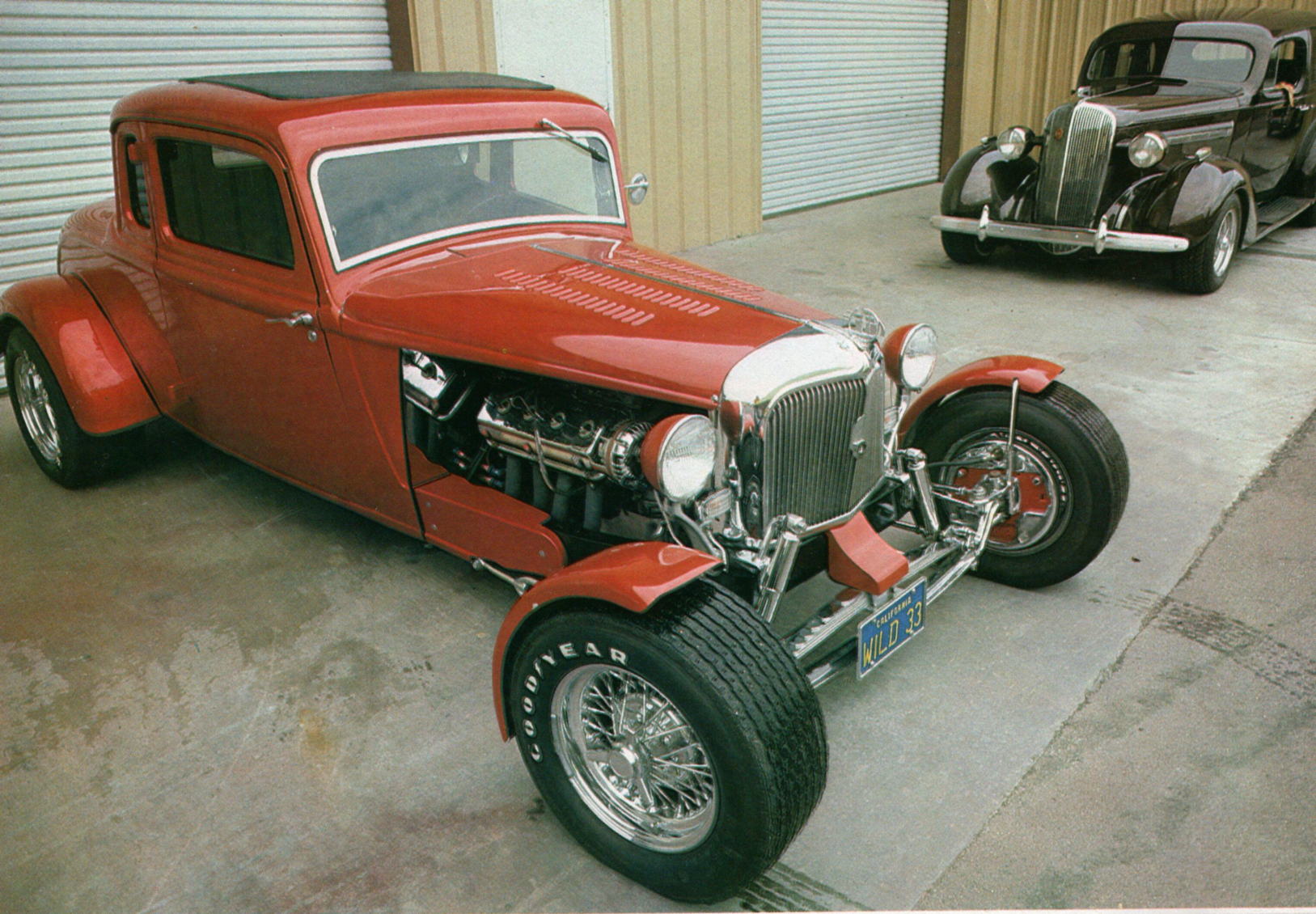
But it's main feature together with the usual superb American quality of construction, is its paint finish. Bill Flint decided that in this respect he would use a colour scheme with 14 changes of colour from chrome yellow to a dusty red shade. The colour pictures do not do justice to the care and attention to detail of this paint job,













Like that famous scene in the film *Bullitt* when the Steve McQueen Mach 1 Ford Mustang swims into view in the killer's rear view mirror (and they know that they are now the hunted and not the hunters), this beautiful, pearlescent white custom Ford 'A' coupé appeared in my rear view mirror, and like the two gunmen, sent adrenalin flowing through my veins.

It was a bright Spring day in Modesto, and I was trying out the 1981 Mazda RX-7, the one that has just been announced in Europe, when I saw and heard the Ford. It was spectacular, the paint, the chromiun plating on wheels and body gleaming, and it was making a noise like no 1930 Model 'A' coupé ever made, a kind of shuddering growl.

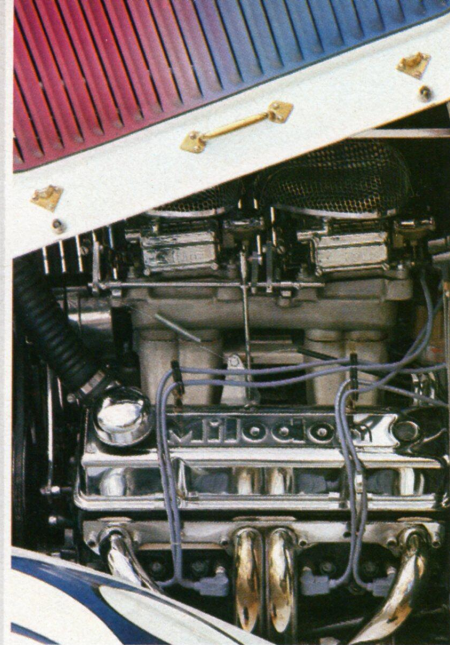
It overtook the Mazda, and turned off the road into a service station. I followed, and in the ensuing conversation with the owner arrangements were made to photograph it and learn

of its past history and secrets.

Rick Munsill, the car's owner, is a custom car painter during the day, and a fine mechanic and car builder in his spare time.

Seven years ago he bought the Ford 'A' coupé body from a friend who had intended to build a Custom car. Never having enough time even to start he sold the bare body to Rick.

Rick made his own frame, gave it a Chevrolet Corvette rear axle, a beam front axle, disc brakes at the front and then settled down to preparing a very special engine. Building from scratch on the basis of a 327CI Chevrolet V-8, Rick added a geared drive to operate a roller cam of fairly dramatic profile, the heads were milled to give an 11.5 to one compression ratio, an Edelbrock Tunnel Ram inlet manifold connects two 600 cfm Holley carbs to the engine, and the whole thing is fired from an Actel dual point distributor. ♣





By all accounts (pardon the pun), this happened in the plush carpeted offices of the 'Acme', where the senior account executive (male), about five hours earlier, had been in nearly with the senior account executive (female), about five hours earlier. She would later stain out. You'll forgive the anonymous identification of the account executive (male), about five hours earlier. You'll forgive the anonymous identification of the account executive (female), about five hours earlier.



# The Body of the Structure

or fucking for fun and profit  
a little guy



but the name of the female is well known and the male has been traded by the headhunters to another position of mistrust.

The girl, who everybody calls The Body (and if you know her, fine — just keep it to yourself), has the self determined look and dress of the bitch goddess whose prime purpose in life is to castrate the male. But underneath it all there is just her body, and a tongue that, when it stops being used for talking, can take on the biggest dong on either side of the Atlantic. Angie, which makes it easier to refer to her, can cut a guy with a word, assume a male stance in defence of women's independence (you figure that out), and then when she wanted to be given a particular account spend her after hours showing the senior account executive that she was a woman, after all, who could keep her mouth open and not talk, but suck him off with the slowest, most penetrating, non-stop orgasmic fellation of all time.

Angie explained later, 'The fucking trouble is I make more money than most of the guys I date. I have as much chance of getting ahead as any man, probably more. I'm respected for my mind and my body doesn't hurt my image either. I can fuck a client, literally, to keep him, but I won't. That would be the same as the senior account executive going down. He's straight. No, what I found I have to do is use my body where it will do the most good. If I fuck up an account I'm out, the same as a man. If I make a profit for the agency I have to fight harder to get my share. But that's not the part that bugs me. It's that I have to screw this fucker to get the account in the first place. This is where I have an advantage, if he's straight, that is.'

We were in a bar in the late hours. Angie had her hand on my crotch as we sat beside each other at the table. I was thinking cool, and my body was not exactly responding to my mind. She squeezed the head of my cock and I went limp again. 'That's the pinch to hold you for later. I like you. We have a drink, go to my place or yours, no commitment. I fuck you, blow you. You go down on me, or what. We like each other. It's a date. But in the office, for a few hours I play the whore game. They think they're taking something out of me. But I leave them hanging, just enough to get their pants wet, except last night the fucker came all over my face and the carpet, too.'

Angie is one of a relatively new breed of women who have been so damn liberated that they find they have to give and take much the same as a female constable getting killed by a bullet aimed at her male partner. There are some women cops who want male backups for their sheer strength, not out of fear, but out of reality.

'That's how it is with me,' Angie added, 'when I'm crawling over this poor slob who lied to his wife, and reaming his arse and holding his prick with one hand, he doesn't see the tight-fisted account executive who keeps a clean desk, talks as if she were Catherine the Great and, despite my body, comes across as some asexual, strange woman-type he doesn't know

whether he can joke with or pinch her bum. I have no sense of humour in the office. I laugh at their lousy jokes. But I'm as serious as they are and sometimes just as scared.

'We stay in this corporate structure out of fear and greed. But when I have this cock sucker on the carpet at two in the morning, damn, he knows I'm more secure than he is. He gets inside my cunt and I can squeeze him with the best set of trained muscles. I can hold him in position, keep him from coming until he begs to be let loose. I don't want him to say 'uncle' but to turn over an account to me. He was so relieved when I relaxed, he agreed and then I thought he deserved a bonus, so the shithead came over my face and added another account for good measure.

'Talk about high priced call girls,' Angie laughed, 'that fucker added about 30,000 a year to my income. Come on, let's go to your place. I have a feeling he'll find some excuse to call me tonight. I have only one problem, stalling him. He thinks for a week or so. What he doesn't know! It will be forever.'

As Angie and I were lying side by side, one of



her hands wrapped around my soft cock and one of my hands resting on her wet and heaving pussy, she kind of whispered, sounding almost sad, 'Maybe the good old days will never return when I can fuck a guy like you and not have to worry about whether or not my career is on the line. Ah, what the hell'. Then she got up and knelt over me.

'This is how I made the extra thirty thou,' she said and stopped talking. Angie crawled over my body until her cunt was over my face, pulling away from a tongue, mine, and went to work with a tongue — hers. She drew a wet line over my stomach, almost pushing me over with her face, trailing along my arse, and into my crotch, catching each ball separately as if she were playing a gentle game of badminton and had two shuttlecocks with which to deal.

She licked the side of my prick and let it grow, then pulled away, played with her tongue in my mouth and went back to my cock to keep it from prematurely ending the session. Without losing a stroke she started biting around my thighs and would dart back to the tip of my prick, and this went on for a few moments. When I was stretched out, she rode her cunt

onto my prick, by now it was bigger than it has ever been and, like some rider out of the purple sage, rode me to the finish line, but pulled up short, got up and I would have given her what she wanted.

But Angie only wanted, as the old line of the song went, 'to amuse'. In another moment she had me kneeling, facing her in the same position. Her breasts, which I have forgotten to tell you much about, I just took it for granted you would know, they were as firm as if they had been silicone injected. They were not. They were natural and round, slightly larger than my palm size, with nipples that jutted out without benefit of any ice or chemical freeze.

She held a position of seductive symmetry, a narrow waist resting on broad based thighs, that flushed out where her bum was her pillow and, as she bent over, her lips slightly parted, pointing in a direction of sucking intent. This was a picture of form and substance that followed the lines of what the art director would have considered a perfect eye-catcher for whatever was being sold. She leaned over slowly, the firm breasts going with the motion of her body, not swaying in any ugly cheap manner, like some X rated film meant for dirty raincoats. This was class stuff, that would have won a Clio (the advertising agency advertisement award) for best design.

Without a headline you knew what the product was or, on the other hand, couldn't give a fuck. Oh yes, that you could give, if you knew when you would have the chance to do so. She moved slowly, her mouth opening in time with her body movements, and now I knew why she had been shot in the face and the plush carpet was stained. The same thing happened to me. I got off luckier. Angie waited a respectable length of time and we started all over again, but we finished together.

'After all,' she said later, 'all I want from you is love.' So we

tried a third time.

I didn't see Angie for about 10 weeks and when I caught up with her she was out of a job. We were in the same watering place and she was being philosophical about what had happened.

'The AE's wife caught on. The account he turned over to me was her old man's. He knew that. I didn't. He played it out, got what he wanted and then I was out on my arse. But, as they say in this business,' she finished her third martini, 'don't get mad, get even'. She got up, motioned for me not to follow her, went over to a well dressed, tight trousered guy, who I know personally controls about fifteen million pounds worth of business. She turned to me, nodded knowingly, then went to work on him — that is, she began by talking. I knew the rest of the scenario.

There was an occasion later that afternoon when I had, for a reason I have long forgotten, a business appointment with a Johnnie O, who turned out to be a woman. Not just any woman but on the near side of 30 or the far side of 29. Dressed out of the most posh shop on the poshest street and talking with a finishing school



# The Christmas gift that is so special, it could only be from you

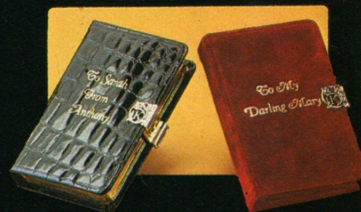
A choice of two exquisite French perfumes each individually and beautifully presented in its own Keepsake case ... personalised with your message and offered in an elegant pochette, hers to keep forever.

The perfect gift for Christmas, anniversaries, birthdays ... or simply to say "I Love You". A luxuriously bound hand-crafted Keepsake 'book' containing a genuine romantic French perfume from Paris, the fashion capital of the world, with your own name, date and personal message inscribed in gold — and delivered direct to the one you love ... for just £13.50 + p&p.



**VU** by Ted Lapidus of Paris  
A complex bouquet both sophisticated and elegant. Presented in a beautiful Bordeaux coloured Keepsake 'book' with matching pochette.  
£13.50 + p&p (7ml. bottle)

**expression** by Jacques Fath of Paris  
A classic and elegant perfume in the true French style — alluring and sensual. Complete with simulated black crocodile skin Keepsake 'book' and gold lamé pochette.  
£13.50 + p&p (3.5ml. bottle)



We will print any message you desire up to 6 words on the cover and 6 on the inside.



**Keepsake**  
Keepsake Perfumes,  
Capitol House, Churchgate,  
Bolton BL1 1LY  
Tel: (0204) 32414 Telex: 63221

I would like to order VU ☐ EXPRESSION ☐

To be sent to:  
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

To arrive on or before \_\_\_\_\_

If you would like to order more than one perfume please send a separate covering letter.

PLEASE GOLD BLOCK THE PRESENTATION CASE WITH THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTIONS:

FRONT (Max 6 words) \_\_\_\_\_

INSIDE (Max 6 words) \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose cheque/postal order for £13.50 plus £1.50 to include post and packing and recorded delivery (UK only). Total £15.00 to Keepsake Perfumes.

I wish to pay by Access/Barclaycard/American Express/Diners.

My Credit Card No. is:

Name of sender: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Tel: \_\_\_\_\_

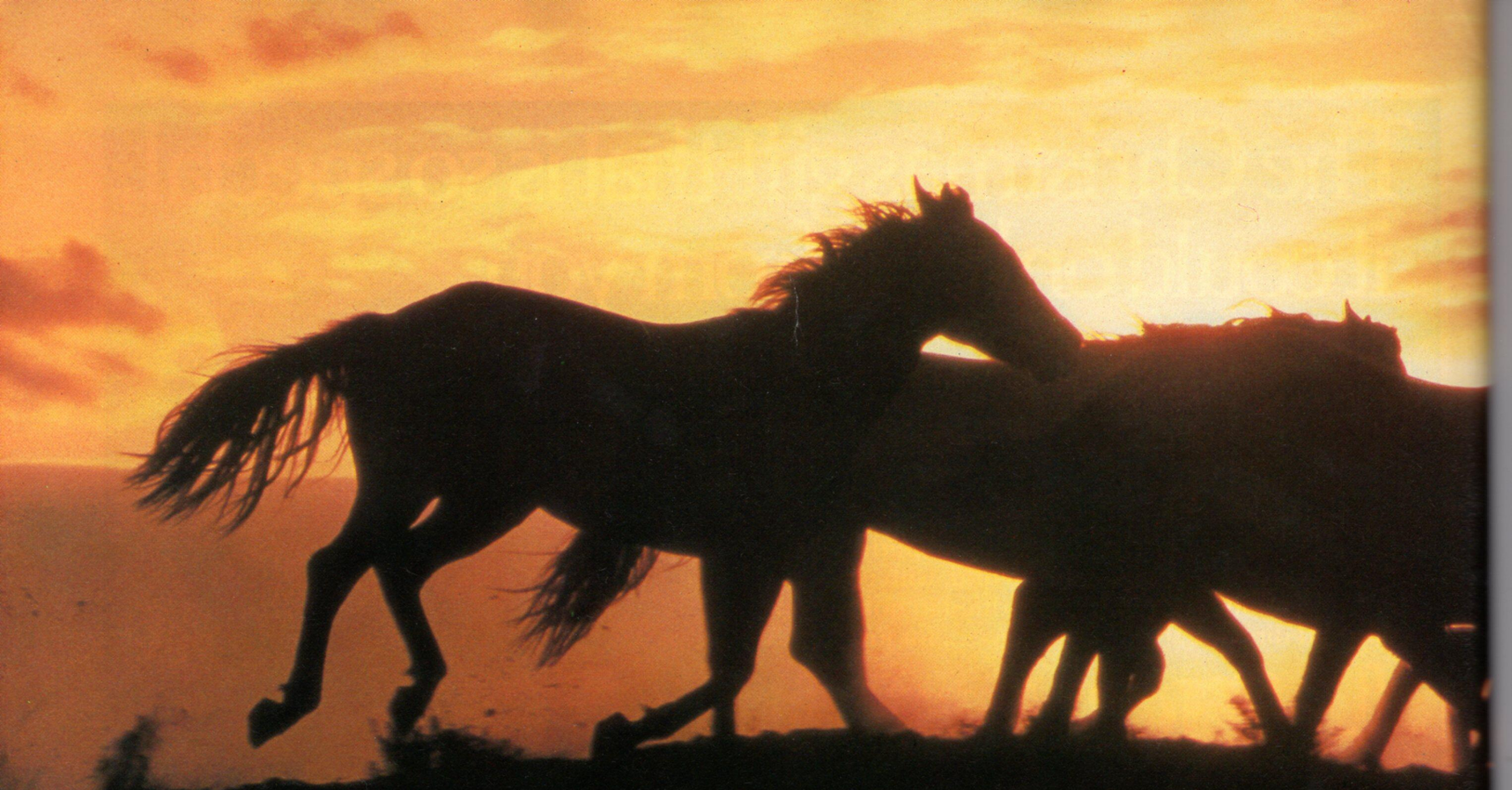
I understand that this payment will be refunded if the gift is unacceptable for any reason provided that it is returned within 7 days with the seal unbroken. We guarantee that your Keepsake Perfume will be despatched to your instructions or within 7 days of receipt of order.

Please post to: Keepsake Perfumes,  
Capital House, Churchgate, Bolton BL1 1LY  
Registered in England No. 541349.

☎ 24 Hour Telephone Ordering Service  
Credit Card Holders can telephone their order  
to Bolton (0204) 32414

**Keepsake**





# Come to flavour Marlboro Co

LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government. DANGER. H.M. Government Health



country



The number one selling  
cigarette in the world.

Departments' WARNING: THINK FIRST - MOST DOCTORS DON'T SMOKE









LISA

Photographs by Rupert Daines



















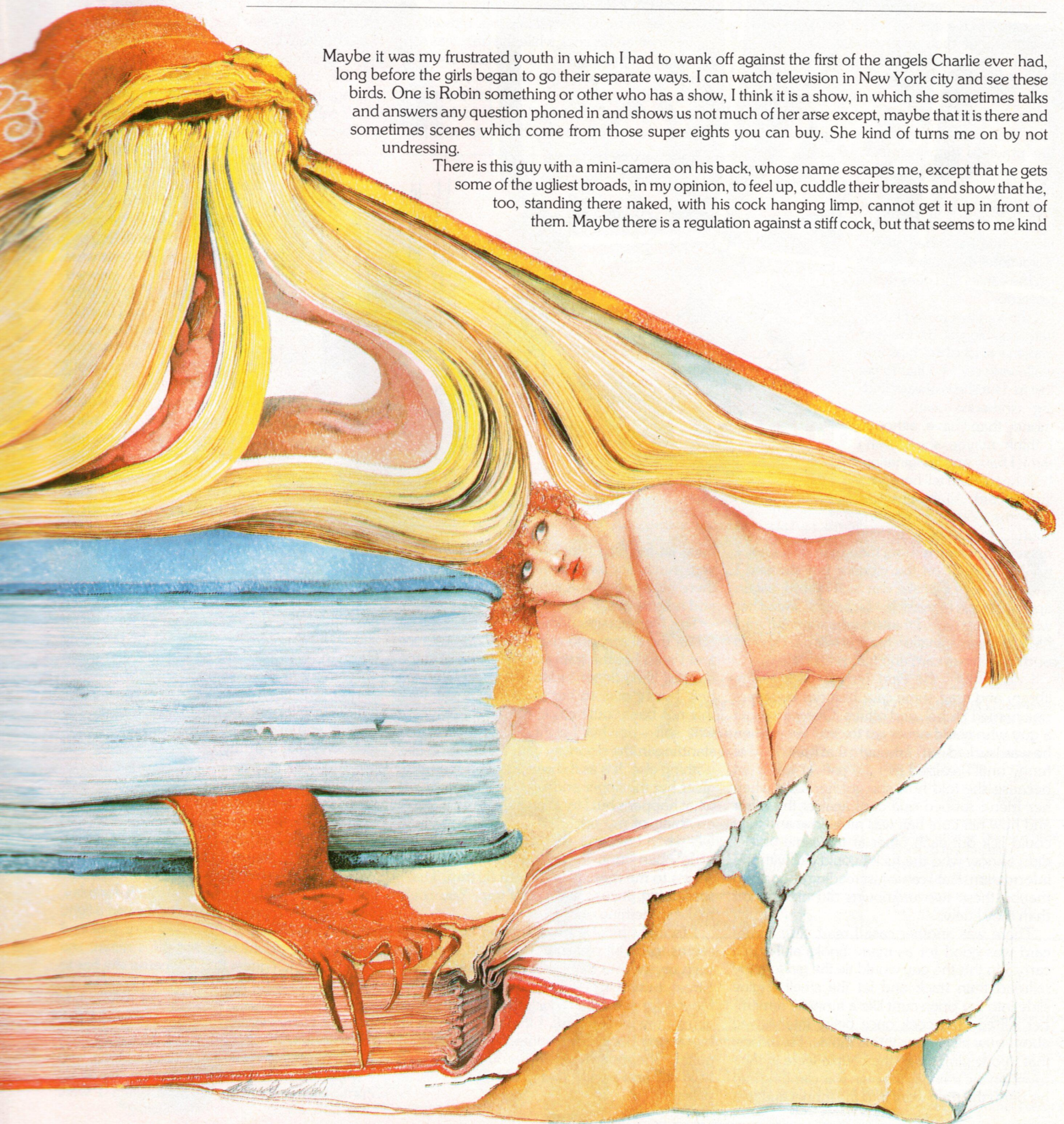
# SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL LIBRARY

BY LES MORAN. ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICIA LUDLOW

There is no telling what you can learn by going to the library, if you are to believe the public service advertisements. Les Moran shows us that there's more to that statement than meets the eye.

Maybe it was my frustrated youth in which I had to wank off against the first of the angels Charlie ever had, long before the girls began to go their separate ways. I can watch television in New York city and see these birds. One is Robin something or other who has a show, I think it is a show, in which she sometimes talks and answers any question phoned in and shows us not much of her arse except, maybe that it is there and sometimes scenes which come from those super eights you can buy. She kind of turns me on by not undressing.

There is this guy with a mini-camera on his back, whose name escapes me, except that he gets some of the ugliest broads, in my opinion, to feel up, cuddle their breasts and show that he, too, standing there naked, with his cock hanging limp, cannot get it up in front of them. Maybe there is a regulation against a stiff cock, but that seems to me kind





of like having prohibition or making pot illegal. Natural habits and all that, which I looked up in the library.

Then there is this double blue entry which is sometimes more turn-off than on, and sometimes some very good stuff. But I get tired of coming in my small apartment, dreaming the good dreams, so I went to the library. I found the following, and it is true, in the *Bon Ton Magazine*, and would you believe, this was published in 1792, long before Charlie had an angel or Mork had Mindy or whatever there is going on between them.

Anyway, so help me, 'These female members are mainly married women, tired of marriage in its usual form, determined by a novel method to reawaken the ecstasy which they knew at the beginning of their married life. The club to which we refer never had fewer than 12 members. At each meeting six are chastised by the other six, then a written speech is read on the effects of flagellation, after which the six patients take their places and the six flagellants begin the practical demonstration. The president of the club hands to each a stout rod, and begins the chastisement herself, with any variation she likes while the others watch. Sometimes the whipping starts on the calves and goes up the posterior.'

I think of this Doris I know, with the biggest boobs ever and the kind of fat hips and wallowing cunt I'd like to get lost in. But she is always finding someone with more money than I have, although I think maybe she doesn't think I have any imagination. I call her up and tell her I got a library card. All the time she tells me, over a whirring sound, that she is turning herself on, which is more than I can do for her. I tell her to shut off the vibrator but she said I should go on, that she can fuck herself, eat an apple and talk to me at the same time. I read her what you just read. I think maybe she will think I have some imagination but she tells me I should burn my library card and hangs up.

I don't burn the card but go back to the library and read some case histories by someone named Bichel, and others. One was about a guy who could never get excited even when he was 'sucked out'. I thought that it was kind of funny until I realized that the patient was a girl because she told how she got her kicks when her friend rubbed one cunt against the other and how her cunt hair was nibbled at and they could lick out each other at the same time. I didn't know who the fuck I could call with this information. But I came just reading about it, so maybe these two unknowns did more good than they knew.

There was another case I read. (My library card was good for as many books as I could carry.) In this the guy would tie the girl to a toy railroad train track and let the small engine slide into her open cunt like a tunnel. I remember Alfred Hitchcock once being interviewed about how he got sex into a movie. He did say that in one film, when the couple were in their room on the train, as the man was climbing into his berth the train went into the tunnel and that

anybody could understand the symbolism. But here I am reading about a guy who probably never heard of Hitchcock, playing this out for real, but with a toy train. He would even put a rubber over the toy engine, so that she could be tickled by the little rubber ends on it. He would get inside her after a while, and by the time she was spreading her cunt tunnel for him she was waiting for the real thing, all shaking and wet and oozing.

Sometimes, he said, the cunt was so big and so wet that he kind of floundered in, which is a bit fishy and not a joke at all. He opened her up but he would eventually get off some good wanks, sometimes watching the train and sometimes hearing her squeals of delight and, of course, when he would get into her, himself.

She once bit his cock while the train was sort of nudging against her cunt. She said she had never been so turned on in her whole life. But I wonder if the nip she took was worth the effort. I was going to call Doris back. But fuck her, she had her chance. I called another babe who had

So I ask her, for the first time, 'What are you going to do for me?' She grabs my cock right through my pants and that damn pig knows I don't want to come in my pants, so she lets go and sends me out into the street. She said maybe we could try the train the next time. Ah, she was lying. This was my finger-fucking night, but damn, she pokes her head out of the doorway and calls me back into the bedroom. She helps me off with pants, gets down on her knees and begins to suck me off, not with any great skill, mind you, but good and slow enough to make me hold back for a while so I don't shoot off so soon that it was a waste to return.

Between sucking and small bites she told me she didn't want to hurt me but thought it was 'nice of me' to share that story with her but she hoped I would come back again because my finger was better than any train. With that I shot into her mouth. She swallowed, said 'Thank you again' and shoved me out the door. She didn't call me back this time, which was just as well because I don't think I could hack another

minute with this screwed up girl, but really kind of nice, in a way, a strange bit.

I learned in the library that a fat girl was sometimes called 'heavy cream' and 'honeyfuggle' meant just about what it sounded like. I phoned Marietta about a week later. When I told her I had been to the library again she said I could come over but only with my finger, which meant it would be only her way so I said, 'Heavy cream, you want to honeyfuggle?' She hung up on me. I called back and tried to explain. She wouldn't listen and said to forget about coming over. I'm not sure that knowing too much is always good for you.

Somehow, though, most of the books I read had to do about how this one complained about making it, or that one wanted it in the arse and one fucker said she got her kicks in the ear. I think this must have been a misprint and should have read 'rear'. I pointed this out to the librarian, who was not so old that she could answer me with a straight face. She was a young, flat chested broad with little nipples which was about all, showing through her blouse, and said she thought maybe there were girls who like it in the ear, that anything was possible.

I asked her out and we went to my place. She was a pretty good fuck, but so flat that I thought maybe she used to be a he. That wasn't so, and when she leaned over some sort of breast began to take shape. I asked her to lean over me and I nibbled away at each one and she said she liked that and never got much foreplay, which she had to explain to me. She had a tight, small cunt, which she worked very well and asked if she could suck me off. I mean, she really did ask. I guess that's because she has to be polite all day at the library.

Her name was Sally, which fits. She was in her late twenties, she said, but I think she was much older, maybe 32 or 33. She didn't say much more and really wasn't bad looking, with a small mouth that she said was the size of her cunt. I guess it was, because when I went



once let me finger-fuck her, said, 'Thank you very much' and went home while I was hanging there blue-balled and aching like a bull in heat and no cow in sight.

This Marietta was home and I told her the bit about the library and she said it was very nice and I read her the train story. Marietta told me she still liked finger-fucking best. So what the hell, I went over to her place. There she was, this not badly built chick, about 25, maybe a little soft – for her height and weight. She is standing in the doorway with a blouse on and nothing else. It is as if she wants me to come in, give her the finger and get the hell out. This is what happens but I try anyway. She won't have anything of my prick but gets all goosey and wet when I get one, two, three fingers into her wide open cunt, through a mess of hair that seems to me more like a Venus fly trap. That's something, a cunt that's a fly trap. You could make something out of that.

I thought maybe I was hurting her but she seems to be all pleasure, no pain. I don't like pain myself and that place on West something Street turned me off. Real pain is no joke. Maybe for some it is a kick, but Marietta takes almost my whole hand. I think her clit gets as big as my cock. I can almost twang it like a guitar. She moves her arse around and won't hold still and shakes and oozes and it's all her pleasure.





from

# Sophisticated Loving Fashions

## International Lady of Paris

London Paris Hollywood Tokio Frankfurt

### NEW SEASONS RANGE OPENING OFFER!



#### MISTIE

Super stretch fabric corselette with sling cups and matching briefs. A great figure moulder and so, so sexy.  
(Sizes 10 to 18 available in white or black).....£17.50 ★

#### SATAN

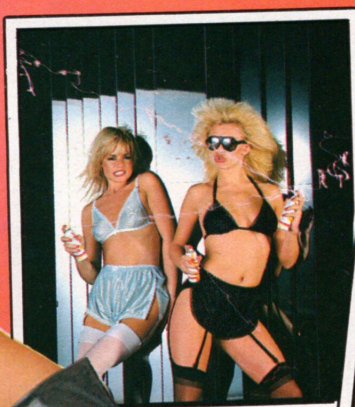
Super Black ciré open-crotch playsuit.  
(One size).....£13.85 ★

#### DOMINATRIX

Thigh-length boots in black PATENT LEATHER with 5" heels.  
(Sizes 4 to 8)....£69.00 ★

#### GLOVES

Black ciré gloves.  
(Sizes S.M.L.)£6.75 ★



#### EMPRESS

Tri-silk bra and French knickers set in cool mint blue.  
(Sizes 32 to 40).....£11.50 ★  
Matching suspender belt.  
(Sizes S.M.L.)....£5.75 ★

#### KIKU

Enchanting feminine French-knickers and bra set. Jet-black with white star pattern.  
Absolutely stunning!  
(Sizes 32 to 40).....£11.25 ★  
Matching suspender belt.  
(Sizes S.M.L.)....£6.50 ★



#### HONEYMOON

Charming virgin-white nearly transparent basque. The ideal honeymoon gift — for him.  
(Sizes 10 to 18).....£25.00 ★  
Panties to match....£2.95 ★



#### SERENITY

Sexy, cutaway, satin playsuits with tie-front. (One size available in white).....£7.50 ★

## "DOUBLE BONUS" OFFER

50% off normal prices for orders now! (See Coupon Prices\*).  
WITH EVERY FREE CATALOGUE comes our 'Double Bonus Voucher!' FOR ANY AMOUNT SPENT YOU MAY SELECT ADDITIONAL CREATIONS TO THE SAME VALUE TO BE SENT FREE OF CHARGE WITH YOUR ORDER.  
A New Seasons offer that cannot be refused . . .



#### FREE CATALOGUE

Superb full colour 40 page Catalogue FREE with order or send two 14p stamps for Catalogue only to cover p & p.



## 'LIVE' VIDEO FASHION



An hour long erotic extravaganza of over 150 of the most sophisticated feminine fashions for today's most exotic ladies

Normal Retail Price

**£24.90**

SEE COUPON FOR DETAILS



Lady of Paris  
Dept. ( G2F)  
67, Smallbrook  
Queensway,  
Birmingham  
U.K.  
(0675)  
65333



**Lady of Paris** Dept., G2F 67, Smallbrook Queensway, Birmingham B5 4HX. Telephone Orders to:— (0675) 65333.  
Please send me at 50% off the above prices:—

MISTIE		EMPRESS		KIKU		HONEYMOON		SERENITY		SATAN	DOMINATRIX		Gloves.						
Corselette		Bra & Pants		S. belt		Bra & Pants		S. belt		Basque	Pants	Garter	P. suit	P. suit	Boots	Gloves.			
Size		Size		Size		Size		Size		Size	Size	Size	Size	Size	Size	Size			
★ £8.75	10-18	£5.75	32-40	£2.90	S.M.L.	£5.65	32-40	£3.25	S.M.L.	£12.50	10-18	£1.50	75p	£3.75	£6.95	£34.50	4-8	★ £3.40	S.M.L.

Just tick boxes and insert sizes required, to receive your Loving Fashions by return. Overseas customers please add 20% for P & P.

☐ I enclose cheque for £..... as payment in full.

☐ Please charge the purchase price to my Access/ Barclaycard/ American Express/ Diners Club/ Trustcard.  
Account No. ....  
Credit card expiry date .....

Name .....

Address .....

Signature ..... I am over 18 years of age.

Please send me my VIDEO CASSETTE "Lady of Paris comes to Life 001" Betamax ☐ or V.H.S. ☐ I enclose my cheque for £12.45, being 50% of the normal retail price or charge my credit card account, details above.

FREE CATALOGUE with Double Bonus Offer:— yes please ☐

I enclose two 14p stamps to cover P & P. Overseas customers send £1.  
MEMBER OF THE YAGO GROUP OF COMPANIES



between her lips the size felt about the same. She was the kind of a girl you think is very plain looking and wouldn't turn around to follow except when you're in the sack with her and that tight naked arse is against yours and she turns over and rubs the small hairs against your cock, you're king of the hill. Maybe she was grateful. I couldn't care less. She was a good fuck. Like they used to say about a certain beer, this Sally is a good fucking fuck. Anyway, if I didn't have a library card I would never have met her.

Later she tried to tell me about all the kinds of books there are in the library, history and science and nature and not just about sex as if I'm some kind of idiot. I tell her I know that but would she have been turned on if I had asked her a question about how the country of Nigeria came about or who was the first man to learn to bake bread or maybe it was a woman. She said she could find out and was so serious that I didn't have the heart to tell her I was kind of making light of her job, which you should never do. We see a lot of each other and I'm not about to louse this up. A fuck is a fuck, even if she has tits that sometimes look like a sun blister gone flat. But there's enough to get a mouth around and she likes more than finger-fucking, in fact only likes me to start her engine that way. This mouse of a girl really roars when we're alone. I changed her name and won't tell you what branch she works at. I have enough trouble finding a score in the first place. But the librarian? Yeh, the librarian.

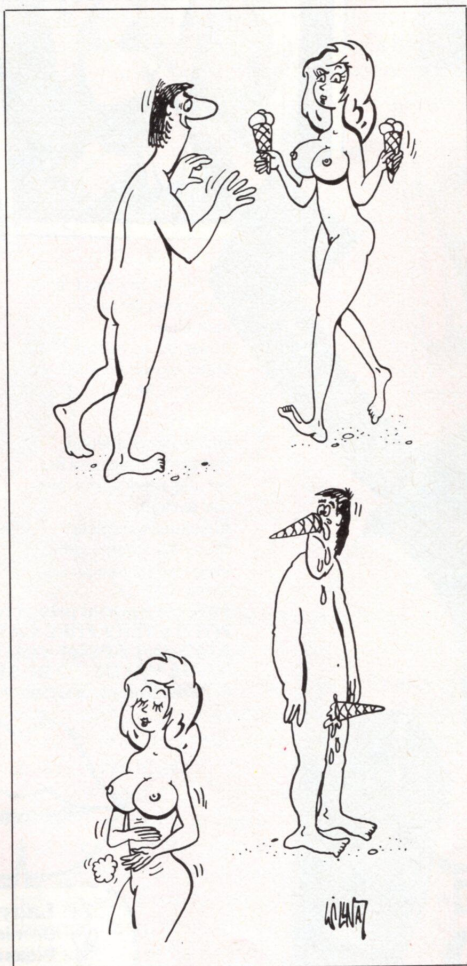
There are people who go to libraries because they haven't much else to do. There are girls who go to the library to get picked up. I found out you could make out at the museums, especially on the nights when there was no charge. You don't have to know much about what's being displayed but it helps if you know something. At the library it's different. You could be looking for a book on any subject in the world, even one you made up on the spot. There are the serious types who don't want any conversation, not even in whispers. Leave them alone. But you find out soon enough there is always someone who wants the reference book you have, even though there may be a dozen duplicates around some place. If she asks, can she wait until you are through, this is like a cue word to wanting to be asked. You could work it the other way. You might think that the ugly out-of-shape broads are the only ones who will approach you. But, you shouldn't judge a book by its cover, huh? Also you shouldn't think just because she wears glasses and looks as if she is an outdated virgin she can't give you the best fuck of your life.

Over the weeks the library has provided me with a psychologist (no shit!) who works with prisoners or kids or something but is so hung up she takes her sex on the quick kick and after a few bangs lets you know it's over. She told me not only what books to go after but what I could expect and demonstrated with soap, rubber, nails (I thought she was going to use them as picks, but she just bit on one and never touched them again). I think she wanted to judge my reaction. At least that's what it turned out to be. She wanted to be fucked in the arse, in the cunt and, would you believe, she told me if I came in her ear, she would just holler with delight. Damn, it wasn't a misprint.

There were a few, of course, who should have stayed on the shelf and some who were

worth every bit of the fine for keeping them overdue. One was a cop. She was studying for a degree and only told me what she did for a living when a gun fell out of her purse. She walked a beat and I never asked her where, never wanted to know. She showed me a few things she said she learned from some of the hustlers she had collared. Nothing great, but when you've been whistle blown by a cop, that's something. Couldn't have happened without my library card. Don't even want to say much more about her because you never can tell.

It would be good to add, I suppose, that my education was broadened and that I learned a lot about music and art and science. But I was interested in picking up girls because I was not so great at making it on my own. It happened accidentally that the library turned out to be a



good source of supply in all colours and varieties. I tried some local universities' libraries, getting by security. Of course, I couldn't take out any books. The conversations were so damn serious I gave it up, except once. There was this short girl, in her early thirties, it turned out, who looked very serious, wearing a two piece suit and a white blouse under which she had no bra. I notice these things very quickly.

I figured her for a teacher of some sort and I was right, she taught sociology. She had a good arse, firm and solid, because that's how we met, backing into each other. I said something polite and she answered the same way. There was a lounge and I had gone there for a drink. She came and I asked her to join me. She did, assuming I was either a student or an instructor and I didn't tell her anything. Let her think what she wanted. The fact she didn't ask meant she

didn't want to know. She told me that later, when we were in the sack and she was complaining about her husband and how he was involved in his work. He was a teacher at some local college and I suspect there was some rivalry involved. She was doing a doctoral thesis on extra-marital affairs and I guess I'll show up when she gets her degree. I may be bound into some university library by now. Who knows?

Anyway there was no better way, she explained or justified, than going right to the source. That was why she was going with me. I listened. I didn't give a fuck for her reasons. When we got to my place, that first night. She wanted me to pick her up, damn it, and I thought it was my charm. Anyway, when we got to my place and she had stripped off her suit and blouse she did have a nice, small tight arse, with cheeks that bound in as if they were seamed together. She had a shaved cunt, which was her thing and she was careful to point this out and was rather proud of her bare pubes.

She did have small breasts, but good, and she began to look better all the time. But even while she was licking my prick she would stop to ask me how I liked it. She would be riding my cock with her cunt and ask me about differences in technique concerning married women, divorced women or single women. I sometimes wished she would keep her mouth shut and she did, smack on top of the tip of my cock and asked me if I enjoyed pain better with a married woman or with a single girl. It was as if I wanted to punish myself for making it with a married broad. I told her she was full of shit and I could see her making mental notes of that and everything else I said.

Then I began to tell her any fucking thing that came into my mind. I made up affairs with all kinds of women, married with children, older women, younger women, Chinese, black, Japanese, Mongolian, you name it. I don't know whether she believed me but she came back for more.

She would come with a copy of the *Ananga Ranga* and would show me a new biting or pinching technique. She would make out like an Eskimo or some South Pacific native. She said everything we did I must have done before and she wanted to get the feel of it. She was over me in every position possible and sometimes all but impossible. She had me get at her from under her arse, around on her side. She sucked me off while kneeling under me, leaning over me, from behind, tried even to double up to suck off and get fucked at the same time. It was not possible. It did not compute.

Oh, she was great. I got it off more ways than I thought possible, over her face, in and out of her mouth, to her slit in one quick motion, starting an orgasm in her lips and ending in her cunt. We were quick. She came, too. I know.

Then she said she'd had enough.

I mentioned her to a male friend, not by name, but just sort of indicated that I would be a statistic in some profound doctoral thesis that started in the library.

He thought maybe it was all a put on and how did I really know she was doing research in the library.

Now do you believe I really cared? I wonder if she'll turn it into a book. There maybe a thousand guys believing everything I said and wondering why they didn't make it the same way. Come to think of it, that's why I went to the library in the first place. ♣



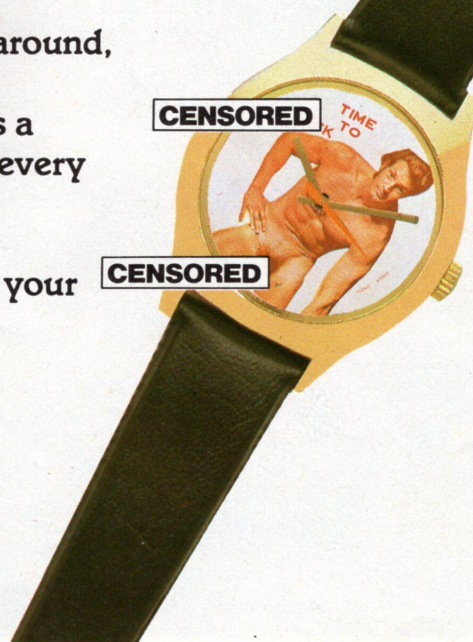


If you're a guy who doesn't like hanging around, the TTF Time-Piece is a must for you.

As well as telling the time, the TTF has a hidden message which throbs on and off every 30 seconds, leaving no room for any mis-understanding!

And girls, the TTF makes a great gift for your favourite fella!

**The TTF. Just £14.50. Trade Enquiries welcome to:**  
**Bournlite Ltd., 1 Maxwell Road,**  
**Northwood, Middlesex HA6 2XY.**  
**Telephone: 01-202 4593**







# Pauline

Photographs by Michel Moreau























# TANIA'S TRAVELS

IN CONVERSATION WITH ROGER SAVILLE.  
ILLUSTRATION BY SUE LINNEY

*Tania's travels this month take her to the opulent environs of Bel Air. Tania has an attractive and curious girlfriend in tow, and together they struggle to satisfy a particularly tough and debauched client.*

There is a breed of man who uses prostitutes. He comes from all walks of life, but whatever his status, he shares that 'throwaway' attitude to sex which ordinary women always seem to find so insulting. The typical John is invariably married and hardworking, too, and while I get on well with my small circle of clients, I'd positively hate to be married to any of them, for in terms of straight sexual capability, few of them rate higher than seven out of 10 in my book.

It seems such a shame that so many guys seem completely unable to tell their wives what turns them on. After all, plenty of married girls I know are as kinky as hell, and one (*a la* Catherine Deneuve in *Belle de Jour*) was forever hustling to take my place for a day. Finally, albeit against my better judgement, I relented: 'I'm not going to throw you to the lions', I said. 'I like you too much and besides, I've got to protect my career. But I've got a John who isn't averse to having a second lady present. Think you could handle it?'

Katie's just 22 years old. She's very pretty, but comes across very shy – almost demure. Only her conspicuous femininity (large, very slightly pendulous breasts, tight, exquisitely contoured bottom, combined with a dress sense just the wrong side of modest), hints there may be more in store.

'Fantastic!' was her singularly un-demure response when I finally succumbed to pressure. 'Where shall we do it? What shall I wear? Has he got a big cock?'

I didn't dare tell Katie what an animal Stavros could be, nor, for that matter, that her role would most definitely *not* be confined to that of an idle spectator. Stavros was pussy crazy, a sexual madman whose trade was passed my way be a street sister who found his demands simply too overwhelming. Mad or not, Stavros was staggeringly wealthy, and despite experiencing some pretty humiliating sessions in his 'torture chamber', he was instrumental in boosting the balance of my deposit account to an all-time high.

The way it works with Stavros is a phone call (instructing me what to wear) or, as was the case tonight, what not to wear: '... your full length silver fox coat, some nice black shiny boots, a black lacy garter belt and black seamed silk stockings. Nothing else.' He paused when I told him I'd be in company; I could almost

sense his cock stiffening in anticipation.

'She young? She like it up the arse?' 'Wait and see', I replied. 'I think you'll like her.'

Hardly surprising for a girl born and raised in Laurel Canyon, Katie didn't own a full-length fur, so I lent her my best Hermes sable. 'Don't, for God's sake, mark it,' I made her promise. 'It's priceless.' And so, to all intents and purposes just two fashionable young ladies on a social visit, we drove out to Stavros' Bel Air mansion.

Stavros opened the door in his Lanvin robe, smoking a cigar and wielding a bottle of Cristal: 'Every lady's favourite stimulant,' as he was so wont to describe it. He glanced wolfishly at Katie, who was doing a poor job of concealing her awe at his stunningly appointed abode. 'Here,' he offered, 'let me take your coats.'

I'd never seen Katie in the buff before, and she was nothing short of magnificent. Allowing for the fact that even the most uninspiring female body can look impressive propped up on high heels and with curves accentuated by expensive lingerie, Katie was quite exceptional.

Stavros thought so, too: 'Turn around, my dear, nice and slowly. Let me see the rest.' Katie swivelled around, revealing shapely calves and thighs and a succulent, un-suntanned bottom. Coarsely, Stavros shoved a finger into her cunt and held it under my nose for approval.

'Wet, see? Does it smell as nice as it feels?' Katie, completely unruffled by this crude opener, was quick to retaliate: 'I hope you've got more in mind than a mere finger-fucking session!' she taunted. For one horrible second, I thought Katie had blown it. Stavros glared momentarily, then burst out laughing: 'By the time I'm finished with you, young lady, you'll hardly be able to walk!' So saying, he shed his robe (as a viper sheds its skin) and, cock hardening second by second, led us upstairs to his sex chamber.

Well, you could hardly call it a bedroom; clinical, in a creepy sort of way, it laid fitting testimony to Stavros' numerous sexual whims, some of which he had long since grown tired, but some on which he was still very keen. Indeed, it always makes Stavros laugh when I call him a 'frustrated gynaecologist'. He's a 'devices' man first and foremost, for if there is some way – electrically or mechanically – he

*Continued on page 44*







# Kate

Photographs by Adam Cole



**K**illing young virgins on altars at midnight, blood dripping ghouls and weird, supernatural monsters aren't the first thing you would think of on seeing Kate for the first time. But, believe it or not, her favourite subject – well, second favourite – is the macabre. 'Yes, I've got a vast collection of horror story books as well as a pretty good collection of occult items – skulls, pentacles, daggers, that sort of thing. 'It can rather tend to put men off when they come back to my flat and find themselves in a room that looks like a studio set for a Vincent Price movie, but after they get over the initial shock, I think the spooky setting can act as a bit of an aphrodisiac. 'I've never indulged in witchcraft, or anything like that, but I'm sure everyone at some time has a bit of an urge to know more about it. And horror does have some strange attraction – people just seem to like being scared out of their wits. 'I think men like the idea of having a helpless, young, beautiful virgin totally under their control, to do with what they want. I know that when I play that scene, I always get a tremendous fuck out of it.' ♣





















# TANIA'S TRAVELS

Continued from page 34

can give a woman an orgasm, it seems to please him more than if he were to use his cock or his fingers.

Katie was flabbergasted by the apparent depths of Stavros' depravity: the display case full of dildoes, the wardrobe full of rubber and leather apparel, the en suite bathroom, resplendent with its selection of enema accoutrements, douche bags, tubes of lubricants and various anonymous, sinister coils of rubber tubing.

'My God!' she spluttered. 'Are you going to fuck us or operate on us?' Again, Stavros burst out laughing, and a professional sense of self-preservation told me to intervene to nip this blossoming little romance right in the bud.

'Stavros is kinky, aren't you darling?' His buttocks flexed as I caressed him from behind, reaching around his bulky abdomen and gently peeling back the skin over his thick, veinous prick. 'Be gentle with her,' I added, whispering in his ear. 'She's just a curious little girl.'

Katie took the bait. 'That I am not,' she puffed, getting down on her knees in front of us. 'Here – you can jerk him off straight into my mouth. I swallow, too.'

'Young lady,' retorted Stavros. 'I don't pay large sums of money for some 30-second blow-job: I could buy a comer girl for 25 bucks. Besides, I like things to last, slow and sophisticated. Here – you seem to be keen and willing. Try this.'

Stavros lifted the glass lid of his beloved display cabinet and selected a black rubber dildo which could capably satisfy a mare. 'Find a home for this, Katie, and I'll take your claims to worldliness a little more seriously.'

Stavros, I should explain, is in his late forties, of short, stocky build, his entire chest, back and flanks covered with a mat of black, curly hair. It always struck me as paradoxical (and downright cruel of Mother Nature!) that, by comparison, he had hardly a hair on his head. So it was that the sight of this conspicuously debauched individual coaxing a pretty young girl half his age to appease his voyeuristic whims with an oversized dildo was not entirely comfortable.

'You could have offered her a smaller one,' I protested. 'It's quite all right' Katie interjected, almost reassuringly. 'I lost my virginity to a Jamaican guy when I was just 16. He was every bit as big as this.'

She stroked the latex lovingly, as though the grotesque artefact in some way reminded her of her long-lost lover. 'So if I was capable of taking this much at 16 and endure it, I should be able to take it now and enjoy it!' So saying, Katie smeared some KY on the 'business' end of the big phallus and sprawled atop the white satin sheets of Stavros' 1930's chrome steel bed.

At Stavros' behest I sat beside Katie and – unsure of her reactions – stroked her firm young breasts and engaged her in the wettest of wet kisses, all of which received a (mercifully!) enthusiastic response. And yet, despite her boast, she was clearly experiencing difficulties implanting the thick rubber cock. An extra pair

of hands seemed necessary to prevent her tender young labia being pushed inside her with each stroke, and so, straddling her pretty mouth with my ever-eager cunt, I spread her love lips wide with my index fingers, teasing her fast swelling clitoris with my thumb. As if suddenly relaxing, Katie's box opened wide and five or more inches of dildo slid into her. This she nervously withdrew, and Stavros passed me more KY, which I smeared on the shaft. She eased nearly two thirds of its length into her, groaning blissfully as I rubbed even more vigorously on her inflamed clitoris.

Stavros bade me lower my arse firmly over Katie's mouth, and the feeling of her warm, sticky tongue stabbing my now cock-hungry cunt, made me crave even greater depravities: I simply had to dildo her. Her tongue still keenly embedded inside me, I took hold of the rubber cock with my right hand and shoved it all the way into her, twisting it around to let her savour its girth. Then, to a background of increasingly ecstatic cries, I commenced an impassioned flurry of pumping strokes: in-out, in-out, in-out, until, half crazy with lust, our minds and bodies fused in a shuddering orgasm.

But of course, Stavros had only just begun to warm to the occasion. The sight of two attractive young ladies sucking and fucking themselves to

**'You could have offered her a smaller one,' I protested. 'It's quite all right' Katie interjected, almost reassuringly. 'I lost my virginity to a Jamaican guy when I was just 16. He was every bit as big as this.' She stroked the latex lovingly, as though the grotesque artefact in some way reminded her of her long-lost lover.**

a godalmighty climax had indeed evoked a certain amount of pleasure and appreciation, but as he sat, Satan-like, in his favourite black hide and chrome armchair, I detected that familiar 'Well-what-do-you-do-for-an-encore?' expression.

'Didn't you enjoy watching us?' Katie ventured. Stavros, for the first time in the many years I have known him, was caught off guard and appeared flustered by Katie's innocent enquiry. 'Naturally,' he replied. 'It's a true privilege to be allowed to witness such beauty. Most men go to their graves without experiencing such sweet excesses. Nevertheless I am still unsatisfied. Tania, my love, try to think of something to please me even more. In the meantime, another bottle of Cristal might be pleasant, you think?'

Stavros is not insatiable, nor anything like. And yet there are so few kinks he hasn't tried, so few stimulants he hasn't sniffed, smoked, or even injected, that, at 46 years of age, boredom (and too much money) is proving to be his undoing. True, he is still searching, though he long ago forgot what for. So it was all the more surprising to hear Stavros take the initiative and suggest a mutually pleasurable method for us all to get our jollies. Seemingly pleased with his imaginative proposition, he celebrated the occasion by making me go on all fours on the bed, kneeling on silk cushions and parting my thighs – so – to enable him to pour his vintage Roederer into my gaping cunt – from which he

and Katie drank voraciously. I could think of worse ways of douching oneself . . .

The Grand Climax was to consist of nothing more original than a good, old-fashioned 'circuit' – the type of activity so favoured by party hookers and their cohorts during the amyl-sniffing seventies. Our particular circuit went something like: I suck Stavros, sucks Katie, sucks me. The hell with it – sucking Stavros' cock was never the most enlightening experience, but Katie (whom I was finding more and more desirable, as the night wore on), gobbling on my box at the same time meant that at least my fantasies had something more delectable to focus upon.

It was the stuff of which blue movies are made, having said which, it would come as no surprise whatever to learn that Stavros had in fact filmed the entire soiree from start to finish. He was an avid video buff, after all, and there were a million places in his superbly appointed residence to hide a camera. Naturally, I didn't voice this fear to nice, middle class Katie, who would positively freak if she suspected her pert, pumping little arse had been filmed for posterity!

We pulled some timberwolf rugs together and got straight into a wild'n'thrashing three-some. Stavros' cock swelled to an impressive eight inches, and as I massaged his balls and sucked teasingly on his exposed glans, Katie fingerfucked me from behind. It felt like a three-finger job, but it was so exquisite, I wasn't about to press for technical details. One factor was more than evident: I wasn't her first girl. Not by a long way.

Stavros' cock was salty and sweaty, and as I sucked he jerked impulsively, grasping the nape of my neck as though lining-up my mouth for each new thrust. But Katie was working me up to fever pitch with her ramrod-straight hand, and it crossed my mind that my egotistically inclined client probably thought my impassioned fervour was brought about, not by Katie's dexterous fingerwork, but by the huge privilege of being allowed to suck him off!

Given that one is attracted to human muskiness, ours was a delicious daisy chain. Once relaxed, we soon established an exquisite rhythm, Katie's wicked, probing tongue lapping in unison with my now frenzied mouthing of Stavros' cock. As our climax loomed near, I could feel Katie spread my labia and press her mouth into me. But by now I was so wet and horny, I didn't know – or care – what she was doing to me. I merely pushed my butt firmly into her face, actually 'riding' her mouth, and as I started to come, I commenced jerking Stavros off right into my mouth, to give every chance to our three-way climax. Rather than swallow his jism, I played its soft, white spurts over my lips and cheeks, breaking the chain momentarily to kiss Katie fondly, and to let her savour the taste of Stavros' cum.

Katie went home that night harbouring dangerously starstruck notions of a hooker's lot. I tried to impress upon her that in my line of work it's a rare treat indeed to ball a guy (even a girl), who corresponds even remotely with one's physical ideal. Naturally, 500 bucks and a Vacheron Constantin watch better off. she didn't listen to a word I was saying . . .

Damn amateur!

Next time my travels take me across the Atlantic yet again, this time to the County Kerry estate of one of the Republic of Ireland's leading racehorse owner/breeders. ♣



# GO YOUR OWN WAY

**Something new.  
Different.  
Component Car Stereo.  
From Pioneer.  
Real stereo.  
On wheels.**

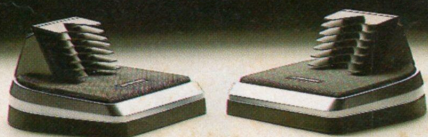


**Separate playing units.  
Separate amplifiers.  
More power.**



**Up to 60Watts max.  
Per channel.  
Separates the men  
from the boys.  
More features.  
The new KEX-73**

**cassette/tuner.  
Quartz phase locked  
loop tuning.  
Digital readout.  
Feathertouch logic  
control.  
15-station electronic  
preselection.  
Auto seek and scan.  
Dolby. Metal tape.  
Auto-reverse.  
Speakers.  
Best in the world.  
Sounds...unbelievable.  
Pioneer Component Car  
Stereo. A world apart.**



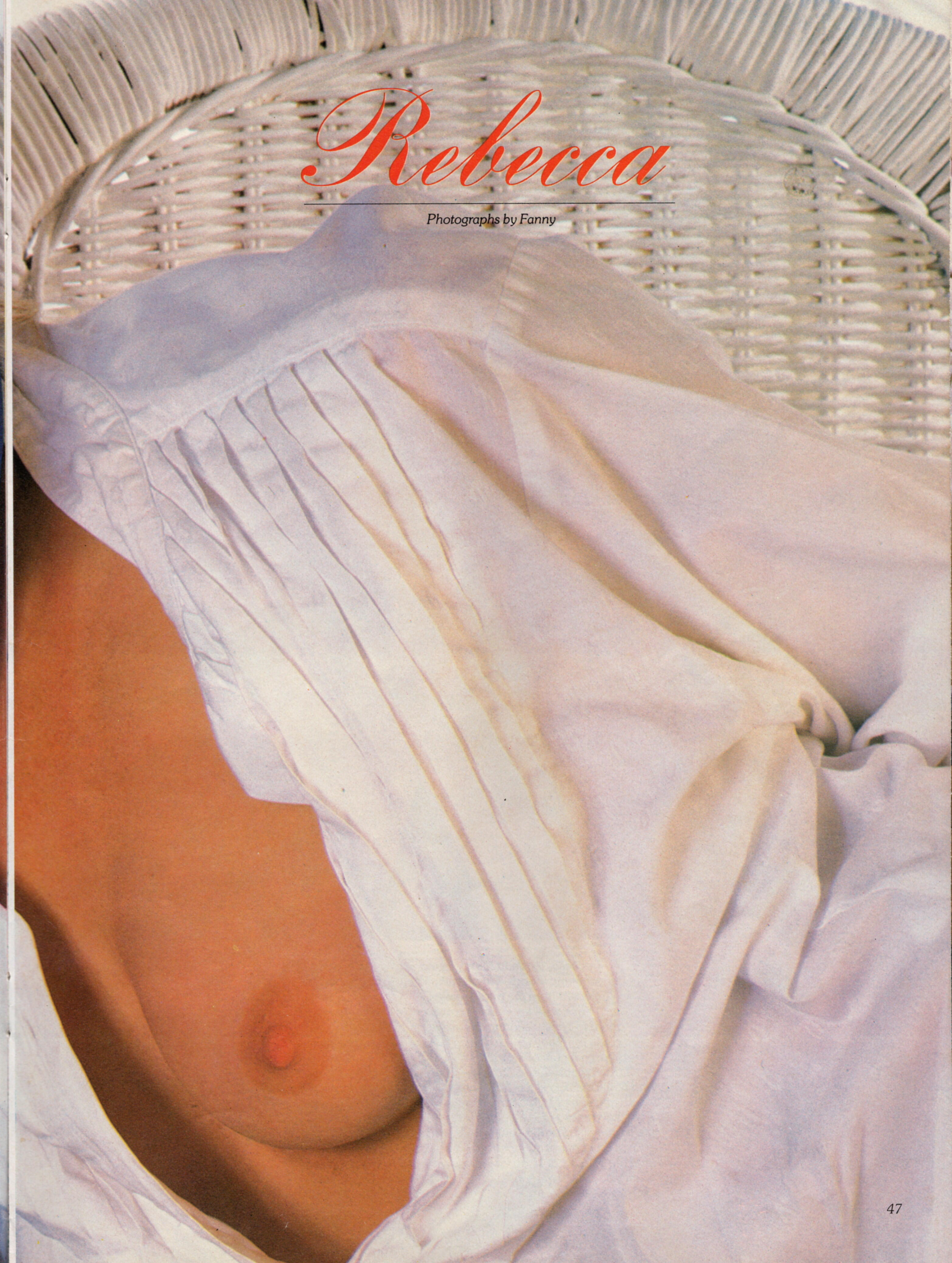
**PIONEER®**  
*Component Car Stereo*



**COMPONENT  
CAR STEREO**

SHOWN HERE: KEX-73 ELECTRONIC CASSETTE/TUNER WITH REMOTE CONTROL, GM-4 AMPLIFIER (20 W.MAX/CHANNEL), TS-1600 CROSS-AXIAL SPEAKERS.  
PIONEER HIGH FIDELITY (GB) LTD., THE RIDGEWAY, IVER, BUCKS, SL0 9JL. TEL. (0753) 652 222. EIRE: RADIO IMPORT LTD., 41, FITZWILLIAM STREET, DUBLIN 2.





# *Rebecca*

Photographs by Fanny





*Rebecca, lenslady Fanny found, was a young lady of many moods, but one who knew exactly what she wanted from the photo session.*

*'I've seen too many pictures of girls who try very hard to appear alluring and erotic, and it just doesn't come off. They tend to look a bit simple, a bit mystified, or just a bit uncomfortable.*

*'I believe posing should be the same as sex – spontaneous and comfortable. All this nonsense about finding new positions and weird angles – how can you possibly enjoy the feel of a nice hard, juicy cock sliding in and out of your warm pussy if you've got to concentrate on keeping your feet on the mantelpiece?*

*'Not that I'm not adventurous – I'm always experimenting to find the ultimate position for fucking. One that lets me touch my man's body with my hands, and him touch mine, while his cock is hard inside me, and where I can look at his face and see his*







club







muscles contract and tighten as he shoots his spunk deep into me. Most people seem to think it should just be the man who caresses the woman in lovemaking, but I get a big kick out of running my hands over a pair of firm, hairy legs and buttocks, or over a nice pair of strong arms and a deep chest. 'And it's quite nice to rub a stiff cock as well!!' ♣















*Celebrity Nude!!  
Schweppes TV  
Lovely Shows All!*



SCH... YOU  
KNOW WHO?





















# 'It's really rather fun!'

Stephen met Helen, Helen met David, David met Anne, Anne met Stephen (and they got married!)

The fun started when they joined **Dateline**

To join in just complete our **FREE** matching test, and our computer will search through the personality profiles of tens of thousands of other Dateline members to find someone who is right for you. Then if you want, the Dateline computer can run for one year to introduce you to as many people as you would like to meet. Many may be living in your area; people with whom you have a lot in common... someone your own age... who likes the same things you like... has similar interests. Someone you'd really like to

meet — who would like to meet you.

*How long has this been going on?*

14 years ago Dateline introduced this new concept into the lives of millions of single men and women. Now we are more in demand than ever, and are happy that we have helped so many people, not just through love and marriage, though there our success rate is high, but simply through giving people the chance to meet and expand their social lives.

*Take this free test today!*

If you're over seventeen, simply complete the details in the coupon below, telling us what you're like and what you want, and we'll send you **COMPLETELY FREE**, and without obligation the name and a description of your ideal partner. **PLUS** a full colour brochure telling you how Dateline works, and much, much more about Dateline introductions. Now's your chance! Mail the coupon today to:

Dateline International,  
23 Abingdon Rd.,  
London, W8  
01-938 1011

**CONFIDENTIAL**

I am over seventeen and would like you to send me completely free and without obligation, a description of my ideal partner. Plus a free full colour brochure. And lots more information about Dateline. I enclose two first class stamps.

1. Start here by ticking the two photos that appeal to you most. ➔

2. Do you consider yourself:

- |  |                                       |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shy               | <input type="checkbox"/> Generous     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Extrovert         | <input type="checkbox"/> Outdoor type |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Adventurous       | <input type="checkbox"/> Creative     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Family type       | <input type="checkbox"/> Practical    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Clothes-conscious | <input type="checkbox"/> Intellectual |

3. Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pop music      | <input type="checkbox"/> Politics                        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fashion        | <input type="checkbox"/> Classical music                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pubs and clubs | <input type="checkbox"/> Art/Literature                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sport          | <input type="checkbox"/> 'Live' theatre                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pets           | <input type="checkbox"/> Science or technology           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Folk music     | <input type="checkbox"/> Creative writing/painting       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jazz           | <input type="checkbox"/> Poetry                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Travelling     | <input type="checkbox"/> Philosophy/Psychology/Sociology |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cinema         | <input type="checkbox"/> History/Archaeology             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Good food      | <input type="checkbox"/> Conversation                    |



Your Sex ☐ M ☐ F Your Height  ft.  ins

Your Age  yrs Age you would like to meet  MIN  MAX

Christian Name

Surname

Address

Nationality  Religion

Occupation

# Dateline

Send today to:  
Dateline, Dept (LCW)  
23/25 Abingdon Rd.  
London W8.  
01-938 1011









# Isadora

Photographs by Fanny

*'This is going to be quite a shock for my ex-boyfriend – he stopped going out with me because I was too reserved. By that, I think he meant I wouldn't act like a whore in front of his mates. And why should I? I like to be demonstrative, but in the privacy of my own – or my man's – bedroom! Then I shed any inhibitions, and give as good a fuck as any pro. ♣'*













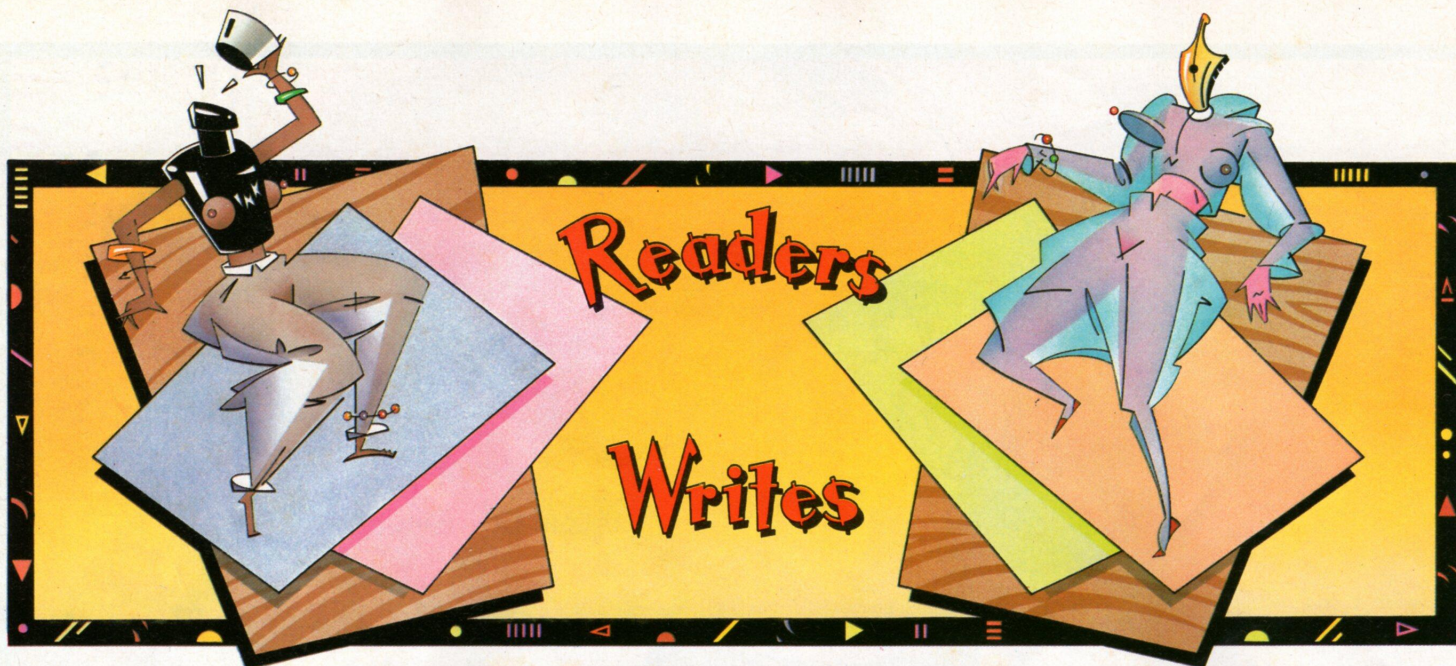












**Readers wishing to contribute should write  
to Readers' Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.**

### **Menage-A-Trois**

Sir: I am living with my girlfriend in a small bedsit, and one day we were startled by the sudden appearance of a friend of hers – Katie. She is a small blonde, unlike Betty, my girl, who is tall and dark. Katie was a bit distressed, because she had been thrown out of her flat, and had nowhere to go. Of course, Betty said she could stay with us, until she found somewhere else, although it was very awkward as there was just the one room.

We had a spare bed, and we had to put it up next to our bed, because there was nowhere else for it to go. That night we all changed for bed in the toilet, and Katie wore a nice shorty nightie. The pleasure of seeing her so attired compensated for the inconvenience.

During the next few days, Katie was unable to find a place to move to, and things got a bit awkward. I had to work in the day, and consequently Betty and I were never alone for long, and we both got very frustrated. We were less inhibited about changing now, and I was getting used to changing in front of Katie, and of seeing her beautiful bare curves briefly as she changed into her nightie.

Came the night, Betty and I couldn't restrain ourselves any longer – and in the dark I climbed on top of her, both trying to be quiet as we screwed the wee small hours away. We both came pretty quickly, having made quite a bit of noise, what with the creaking of the bed-springs and our gasps and grunts when coming.

However, Katie didn't say anything the next day, and so for the next few nights Betty and I fucked in bed, with Katie along side, obviously hearing every last gasp going on.

One night we had just finished when we heard the springs of Katie's bed creaking and jogging, and then a sudden frenzied movement together with sighs and a half-smothered moan, and we realised that she had masturbated to our sounds stimulating her. The very idea really turned me on. Both of us!

It was only a short step from that to the night we did everything out in the open. We kept the light on, and Betty and I stripped and set to, while Katie, lying in the nude on her bed, played with herself, watching us eagerly as we

threshed about: it turned both of us on to be watched – and applauded! – while screwing.

All in all, it was another month before Katie got a flat, and during that time things settled down to a pattern. Betty and I would get amorous, and Katie would come over to watch as we settled down on the bed, and I stripped Betty, kissing her nipples and stroking her between the legs. Katie soon started to participate. She would begin to strip, and while I was stroking Betty, or going down on her, Katie would be stroking my prick, keeping it really rigid. Or I might lie between the girls while they played with my prick, one hand between Betty's legs, the other between Katie's, gently stroking.

When I wanted to put it in Betty, Katie would hold my prick, guiding it into Betty's moist opening. While fucking Betty, it wasn't easy to masturbate Katie, and so she would lie beside us, looking from all angles and bringing herself off with her fast fingers. Extremely stimulating for all of us! Katie was quite happy to watch, being a virgin, and by the end of a session all of us would feel very satisfied.

Oh! that summer was a marvellous time, and the only snag is that now she has gone, I really miss Katie's participation in our sexual acts. Betty does, to, so it will probably be only a matter of time before we invite Katie over for a few days, or try and get some other girl to enjoy these delights with us.

I've never appreciated the pleasure of three-in-a-bed before now, but I can tell you, with each hand in a girl's crutch there's only one place better – and you have to die to get there! A C, Lincoln.

### **What's Going On . . . ?**

Sir: To travel to and from work each day I have a fair walk from the tube station (about 10 minutes), the road being a 'working class type' shopping centre, with attractive little family owned stores and the like.

Very often, I have noticed a vivacious and attractive woman in her mid-thirties along this road, flirting with a young boy (about 18 years of age), blond and very boyish looking, who, it appears, works in one of the shops.

I never thought much about her flirting, until one evening (returning home quite late from work), I saw the two of them along a side street, snogging away quite unashamedly . . . I was mildly surprised, but not quite as much as when a few days later (at about the same time) I saw this blond chap in a parked car, and this woman's head was moving backwards and forwards near his lap . . . it didn't need a libertine to guess what she was doing for him.

I have at times also seen this woman with an elderly man and two young children (her family I presume) . . . talk of 'adultery and the older woman'.

R G R, Chelsea.

### **Carmen Get It**

Sir: I am a Spanish girl of 29 who has the misfortune of looking like a 16 year old. I write misfortune because I become so very tired of the fact that no one believes me when I tell them my real age. I am five feet two inches tall only and have very, very long black-brown hair and have been working in a teaching hospital for three years.

Living in the Nurses Home has been problematic to a degree. I love music and come from a strict catholic Spanish family in the north-west of Spain. My father was killed in an accident at work many years ago while I was only nine years of age. I was the oldest of a large number of brothers and sisters and I therefore had to give my mother all the help she could use. By the time I was 25, I decided to come to work in England as an au pair. I was very unhappy and I left after a few months to join the staff of a famous teaching hospital in Paddington. I have always had two deep loves, music and languages, of which I speak three. Upon arriving in London, I was of course a virgin, as most good Spanish girls always are.

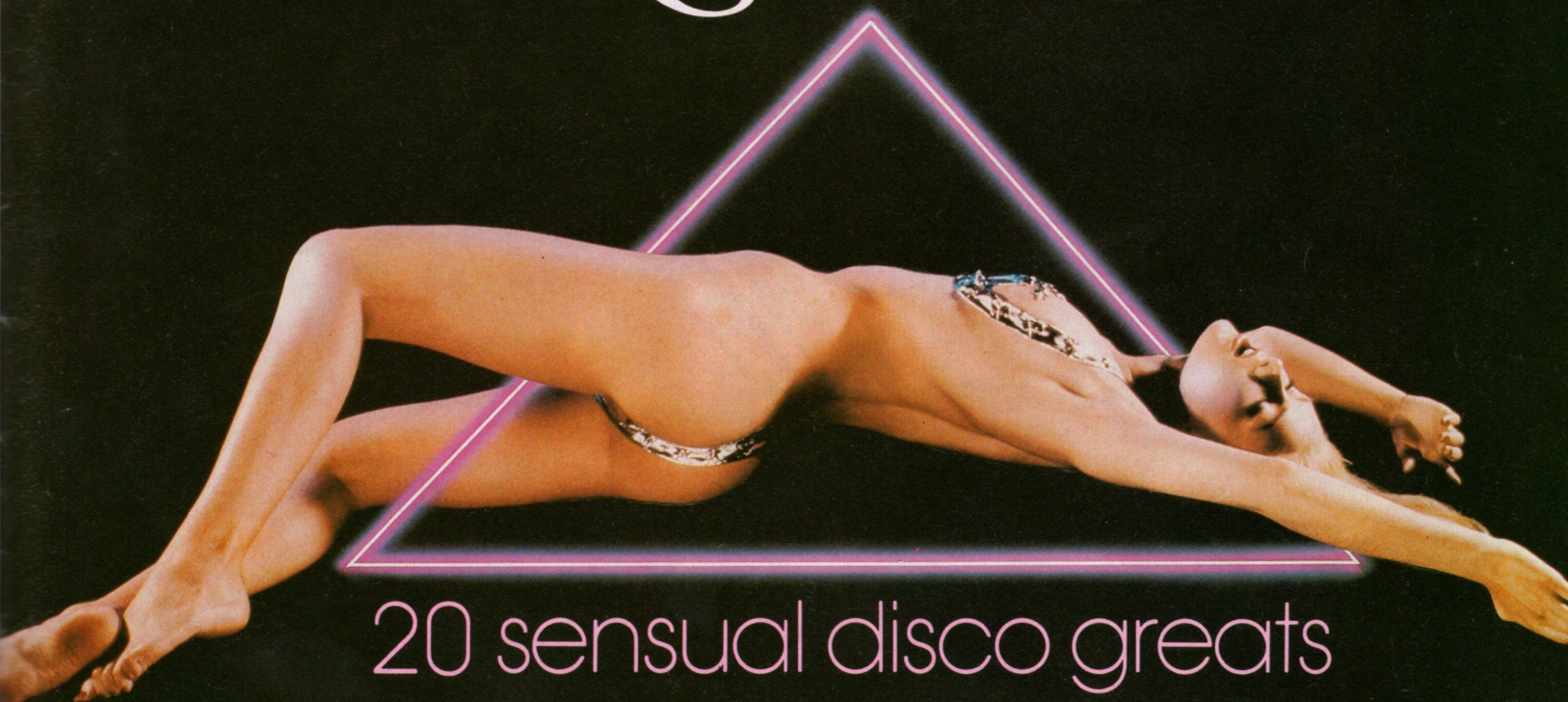
I was very lonely in London and used to take myself to concerts and the park in addition to giving lessons in languages in order to earn a little extra since hospital pay is really quite terrible. After six months of real loneliness, I met a guy called Gordon who was almost a

*Continued on page 84*



**WARWICK RECORDS PRESENTS:**

DISCO  
*EROTICA*



20 sensual disco greats

including tracks from:

Donna Summer, Dr. Hook, Odyssey, Quincy Jones,  
Candido, Imagination, Brothers Johnson, U.K.  
Players, Jane Birkin and Serge Gainsbourg,  
Vogue, Debbie Raymond, Denise La Salle,  
Al Hudson, Thelma Houston, Shalamar, and a  
selection from the sound-track of the film "Erotica".

Available on album or cassette from all good  
record departments and shops.



# Affectionately Yours

These pages are available for you to show off any object dear to your heart. We pay £25 for each entry, irrespective of the number of photographs, on receipt of an invoice or claim. We cannot guarantee return of pictures.



We've been the proud viewers of some devastating derrieres in our time, but no matter how many we see, we're always pleased when a new one comes on the scene, particularly when it's as curvaceous and plumpious as this one.



Right and above, is a young lady who goes by the name of Angle, and we think she's a pretty sharp lady, with some of the cutest curves it's been our pleasure to peruse.



Here's a shot of Lisa, snapped in her back garden while enjoying a picnic *au naturel*. The picture was taken by husband Eddie, and he assures us there were lots of good things to eat that day.



Kicking off our Affectionately Yours pages this month is the delectable form of Rhonda. Rhonda is as luscious as her namesake valley in Wales, and we'd like to thank Lloyd P for sending in these fabulous shots.



# Affectionately Yours



Above is a lady who wants to be known as Mary D, and tells us she has a penchant for fishnet stockings. No disrespect Mary, but the only fish you're likely to catch with them is sharks. Then again, maybe that's what you're after.



The girl in the sleek black stockings and suspender belt wants to remain anonymous, but she will allow us to divulge the fact that her husband calls her Cinnamon... or should that be sinamon?



Right, on opposite page, is the wife of H D, who tells us he'd like to take pictures of all the girls in the Affectionately Yours pages. Most of the guys who write in don't actually want to take pictures, but each to his own.



Above, Keith Taylor has provided us with some glorious studies of his dusky girl friend A.L. He assures us that further, and better shots are on their way. Our breaths are coming in short pants in anticipation.



This lady is Candy, and Candy enjoys 'just showing off', according to her husband.



Left, standing to attention beside her favourite implement, is Jan, courtesy of her man Cliff who says 'West coast girls are best'. We can think of a few million people who would argue.





# Affectionately Yours

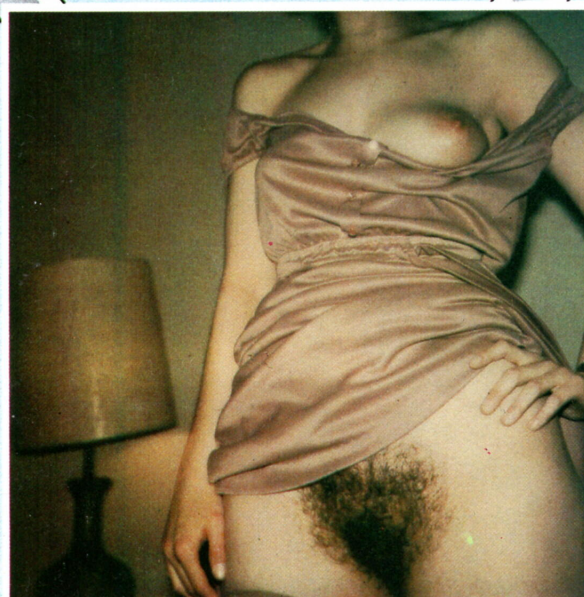
Right, we have Janis, with the shot supplied by her affectionate admirer John. John tells us that Janis likes all types of men, from 19 to 50. But 19 to 50 what? That's what we want to know.



It's our pleasure to present Martha, a lady held dear in the heart of her husband Jerry. Jerry tells us Martha is 47 with the body of a 27-year-old.



On the right is a picture of Kathy Stanton who we feel bears just a passing resemblance to a certain Miss Lumley.



Here's Maria, who, says her man Dave, is as pretty in the face as she is in the body, but she's a bit bashful. So lust after what we've managed to get instead.



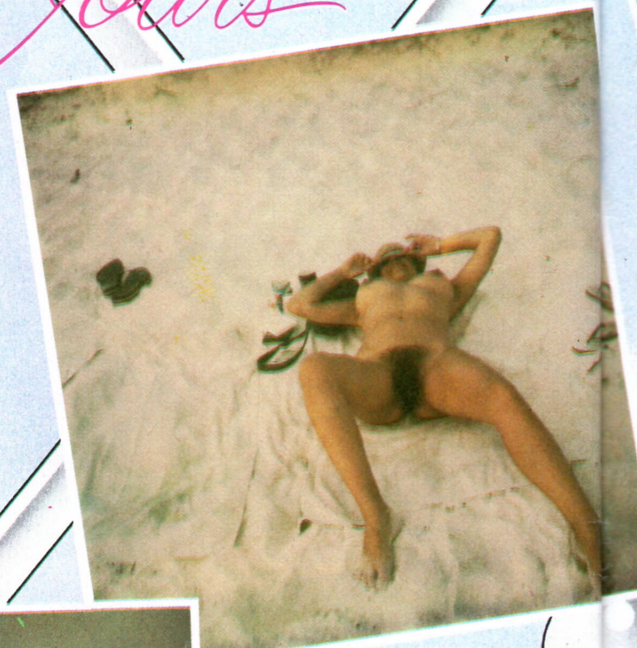
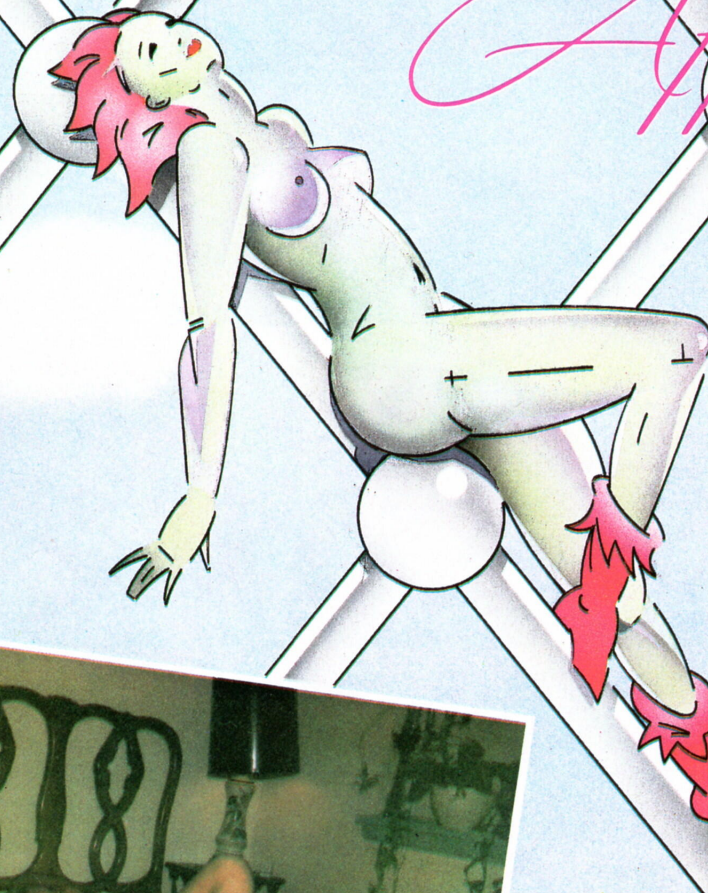
We at Club pride ourselves in bringing our readers the best of everything, and we're confident that you'd have to go a long way to come up with a pair of pins to beat these unnamed beauties.

Here are three shots, sent into us by P. Pennock from Scarborough. The shots are all of his luscious Lady Jane, and were taken at locations all over Scarborough. The breathtaking scenery amply matches the breathtaking figure of Jane.





# Affectionately Yours



Above, a sun, sand and sea lover who wants to share her charms with the avid readers of these pages.



Here's a sweet little thing who goes by the name of Sugar. She tells us she was coaxed into sending these pictures by her men friends who tell her she 'has a cute cuddly body for a 26-year-old.'



This seems to be a good issue for long, luscious legs, as seen overleaf, but the owners of said legs are a bit shy, so you don't get to know their names.



From Elga, a Portugese girl living in Paris, we received these two studies of herself. Elga tells us she is a stripper, and we think her class shows.



An anonymous entry who seems to be doing the dance of the single veil.



We've all heard of dirty old men in dirty old raincoats flashing innocents in the public park, but this is ridiculous. Our thanks to Pinky who took these revealing pictures of Cindy.





# PAUL RAYMOND'S *EROTICA*.x



with  
Brigitte Lahaie and Diana Cochran  
featuring

The Famous Raymond Revuebar Girls and the Beautiful Centrefold Models of Men Only,  
Club and Escort Magazines

Executive Producer **Paul Raymond** Production Executive **Carl Snitcher** Artistic Director of The Raymond Revuebar and Special Film Sequences **Gerard Simi** Associate Producer **John C. Wilcox** Film Editor **Jim Connock, GBFE**  
Music Composed by **Steve Gray** Conducted by **Syd Dale** Lyrics **Kara Noble** Sung by **Kara Noble, Debbie Raymond & Bob Saker**  
Director of Photography **Alan Hall** Written and Directed by **Brian Smedley-Aston** Produced by **James Kenelm Clarke**

Colour by Kay Laboratories Limited, London

THE PAUL RAYMOND ORGANISATION LIMITED

WARWICK RECORDS Presents "DISCO EROTICA" 20 Disco Gre  
Available in Record and Cassette

Released by **Brent Walker** Film Distributors Ltd.

**EXCLUSIVE PRESENTATION IN LONDON**  
**NOW AT**  
**RIALTO** LEICESTER SQUARE W.1.  
TEL: 437 3488

A BRENT WALKER THEATRE

FROM 4th OCT.  
CAMBRIDGE VICTORIA  
NORTHAMPTON ABC  
STEVENAGE ABC  
COLCHESTER ODEON  
BURY ST EDMUNDS  
STUDIO 1  
KETTERING STUDIO  
CORBY FOCUS  
CLACTON MECCA  
KINGS LYNN  
MAJESTIC

LOWESTOFT MARII  
WELLINGBOROUGH  
PALACE

FROM 8th OCT.  
PETERBOROUGH A  
YARMOUTH REGEN  
IPSWICH ABC  
NORWICH ABC  
LUTON ABC

FROM 11th OCT.  
WISBECH UNIT

DETAILS CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS



**SELECTA PACK**  
—A selection of group, lesbian, spanking  
and solo plus 15 title pack £13, 7 title  
pack £8 or **Sample £1.25.**

**COLOR CLIMAX**  
— The latest and most daring ever.  
8 latest £17, 3 for £7  
**£2.50 each.**

**PUSSY PORTFOLIO**  
— This selection will make you purr so  
will the special price. 5 for £8  
**Sample £1.75.**

**SOLO SPECIALS**  
—Amazing girls doing amazing things  
with amazing things. 12 title pack £16,  
5 title pack £8 or **Sample £2.00.**

**SPANK SEX**  
— For lovers of things that are a bit different. 3 for £4 or **Sample £1.50.**

**PROBE MAGS**  
— A selection for people who like the  
— £5.50 or **Sample £1.50.**

**SEX ENCYCLOPEDIA**  
— Intimately illustrated instruction  
— Normally £6 **Our price £3.50.**

— 7 well known Scandinavian titles for £6 or **Sample for £1.00**

**PERSONAL PLEASURE**  
—A variety of Contact mags, over 1000 phone nos — covers every crevice in the country. 5 different £6 or  
**Sample copy £1.50.**

**BLUE FILM MAG PACKS**  
--All colour mags featuring stills from  
top Scandinavian movies. 64 page +.  
at different £5 or **Sample £1.00.**

**THE ECSTASY OF SEX**  
— Perfectly illustrated, expertly written.  
A few only, normally £4.00  
**£2.50.**

**Our price £2.50.**  
**MAMMOTH MALES**  
— Special all male mags — ideal for ladies  
or our Gay friends. 5 for £8 or  
**Sample £1.75.**

# Sample 11.7.1

## Super 8 Films

Our reputation for supplying the real thing at keen prices grows month by month—thousands of customers can't be wrong. All superbly photographed in Super 8, totally uncensored and extremely erotic, in fact that is too mild a word. Be careful you could become a Private film addict.

SEX INVITE  
LESBIAN LUST  
COLOR CLIMAX NO. 1387  
SAUNA SEX  
DON'T SMACK ME  
RANDY HOUSEWIFE  
ORAL SEX ORGY  
NAKED NYMPHO  
PORNO MODEL  
BLACKBOARD LUST

**THE ROCK CLIMBER  
BLACK HARRY  
THE MECHANICS**

## ADULT VIDEOS

Any 3 £85 or £29.95 each. VHS/BETA/PHPS  
1700 (Add £10 each for PHPS)

FROM £2.00 PER WEEK  
AT ANY SHOP—PREVIEW ROOM  
AT SELECTED SHOPS.

**THIS VOUCHER IS WORTH A FIVER.**  
Call in person at any Private Shop, make any purchase and we will give you free, £5 worth of magazines when you present this voucher.

**A OFFER**  
**SENSUAL SHEENA**  
 — Full size, full length doll with oral and vaginal alternatives.  
**UNREPEATABLE OFFER £29.95.**

**Compare  
the prices**



— New improved design — fast results. Can increase the length and girth of your penis.  
**£11.95.**

- (i) Flexy vibro, studded, bendy and multi speed **£6.00**
- (ii) Gold Ram—gold effect tipped vibro, 7½" multi speed **£7.95.**
- (iii) Non Doctor PLUS—variable speed and variable heads **£6.50**
- (iv) 7" Deluxe **£2.25.**
- (v) 8" variable speed **£4.25.**

**UP TO 1/2 PRICE CASSETTES**

**UP TO 1/2 PRICE CASSETTES**  
**Temptation**—can you resist it.  
**Come together**—and they do.  
**Virgin**—she isn't when it's over.  
**Sex ecstasy**—three is definitely not a crowd.  
**ONLY £4 each any 3 for £10.**

The latest little black book of pleasure aids is available now. Free with purchase or send £1 — refundable with first order.

Look and browse before you buy, in comfort, in confidence. Mon-Sat 9.30am-6pm (Fri 8pm)

**ENGLAND & WALES**

**CENTRAL LONDON** 81 Wardour St. Soho **EAST LONDON** 34 Upton Lane. E7 **NORTH LONDON** 114 Camden Road. NW1 **SOUTH LONDON** 318 Lewisham Rd. SE13 195 London Rd. Norbury SW16 also 19 West Hill. Wandsworth SW18 **ALDERSTOT** 2660 High St. **BARNSELY** 5606 Doncaster Rd **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs. Hants LE13 Leiston Rd **BIRMINGHAM** 48 Stratford Rd. Sparkhill **BLACKBURN** 171 Darnen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOLTON** 201 St. George's rd.

**BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Hidenhurst Rd **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BRIGHTON** 11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** 76 Toba West St. Did Market **BURLEY**

1242 Colne Rd **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **CARLISLE** 6 Chatham Rd. **CHATHAM** 19 High St. **CHESTERFIELD**

4258 Sheffield Rd. **CHISWICK** 193 Chiswick High Way W4 **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. Kingsway Corner **CREWE** 14 Felfield Rd. **DARTFORD** 191 Oxford Rd.

**DERBY** 61 Osaston Rd. **EASTBOURNE** 133 Seaside Exeter St. **EXETER** 34 Walsgrave Rd. Kingsway Corner **FELTHAM** 153 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** 178a Barton St. **GRIMSBY** 189 Grimsby Rd. Geornges Gt. **GYMARTHUS** 3 Howard St. North Hartlepool

**HANTS** 44 Hornchurch Rd. **HOUNSLOW** Midxr. 78 Whetton Rd. **HUDDESFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd. Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **IPSWICH**

140 High Street **KEIGHLEY** Yorks. 32-34 Cook St. **KINGSTON** Surrey 203 Kingston Rd. New Malden **LEEDS** 237 Chapeltown Rd. **LEICESTER** 116 Granby St.

**LIVERPOOL** 68 High St. **LIVERNPOOL** 63 Moorfields **LUTON** 74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** 77 Chestergate **MAIDSTONE** 41 Upper Stone St. **MANCHESTER**

54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** Claitonville 55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBOROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **MORCAMBE** 86 Euston Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 255 Westgate Rd.

**NEWPORT** 14 Sovereign Arcade. Kingsway Centre **NORWICH** 38 St. Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St. **OLDHAM** 14 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD**

54 Cowley Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Dundie Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 23 Market Avenue **PORTSMOUTH** 22 Castle St. Southsea **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane. **READING**

106 Shaftesbury St. **ROCHDALE** 6 Drake St. **ROTHERHAM** 9 Rawdon Rd. **SALFORD** 100 The Quadrant. **SANDWICH** 100 The Quadrant. **SANTON** 100 The Quadrant. **SCUNTHORPE** 75 Dunstall St.

**SHREFFIELD** 354 Abeydale Rd. **STRATFORD** 3 Dillons Dr. **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd. **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WALSALL** 67 Stafford St. **WATFORD** 169 St. Albans St.

**WEST BROMWICH** 19 Bull St. Ringway **WESTON-SUPER-MARE** 72 Meadow St. **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **WYREHAM** 6 Yorke St. **YORK** 5 Scarcroft Rd.

**SCOTLAND**

**ABERDEEN** 8 Chattan Place **DUNDEE** 114 Strathmartine Rd. **EDINBURGH** 24 Little Walk **GLASGOW** 331 Dumbarton Rd. **GLASGOW (STH)** 17 Clarkson Rd.

**KILMARNOCK** 24 Portland St.

Please send me my free catalogues with the following items:

Both catalogues only £1 ☐ I enclose cheque/PO/cash for £  
If paying by cheque please write your name and address on reverse and  
allow at least 14 days.

(I am over 18)

(I am over 18)

The Private Organisation Dept( CI )34 Upton Lane Forest Gate London E7



# SMASHING THE PRICE BARRIER!

We have smashed the prices of everything we sell. Offers also available at our shops and our appointed agents

SVEN BOOKS, 228 Green Street, Forest Gate, London E7

## American Mags

### DEEP THOUGHTS

Cover price \$12

Stills from the follow-up to Deep Throat, with America's John Holmes and his 16" tool — and it's for real — So strong the film has been banned throughout the world. £2.00 each 3 different £5.00.

### AMERICAN GAY

Usually \$15 each

Selection of full colour magazines in action. State your preference when ordering £2.50 each 3 selected £6.00.

## Color Climax

These hard-to-get magazines are all original colour, not cheap b/w re-bound copies £2.50 each 3 different £6.00.

## Direct Contacts

Six different containing all the girls, guys, couples and groups you could want. All with tele numbers. All 6 £4.95.

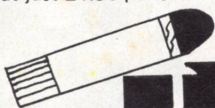
## Jet Set

The best known and most widely used guide to a good time. Includes lots of strong pictures as well as full name, address, telephone and personal details. Usually £3.95. BARGAIN OFFER PRICE £1.00.

## Aids

### NON DOCTORS

A massive bulk purchase means we can almost give away these high quality, reliable multi-head vibros at just £4.95 per set.



### LOTION MOTION

Apply to the body, blow on it and your most sensitive organs will glow with warmth and sensitivity. A must for fun loving couples. Large jar £4.95 3 jars £12.00.

## American Videos—uncensored

**JUICY CLIPS** Highly entertaining, very revealing close-ups. More cherries in action than you will ever see in your lifetime.

### GROUP SEX ORGY

Sex starved doctors and over sexed nurses grab all the sex they can get between emergencies. A real porno video

£29.95 each or both £50.00



**BULL — FORCE —** Exclusive gay offer

The full version of this most sought after gay video. Now a cult in America and will only appeal to the converted. Our price only £39.95.

### ADULT VIDEO RENTAL—

FROM £2.00 PER WEEK  
AT ANY SHOP- BLUE  
PREVIEW ROOM AT  
SELECTED SHOPS

### CALLERS WELCOME AT SVEN BOOKSHOPS

—Visit one of our shops take your time, select your purchase

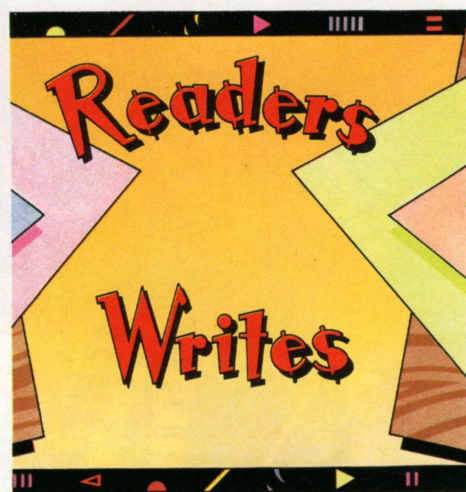
● London — 228 Green St Forest Gate E7 — 184 Eversholt St. NW1 ● Bradford 554 Manchester Rd  
● Bristol 179 Gloucester Rd. Horfield, Bishopston ● Cheltenham 395 High St. ● Coventry 119-119a Radford Rd  
● Croydon 109a Church St ● Edinburgh 38 Dalry Rd ● Glasgow (Sth) 17 Clarkston Rd ● Hull 332 Beverley Rd  
● Liverpool 621 Smithdown Rd. Allerton ● Newcastle 56-58 Westmorland Rd ● Portsmouth 60 Kingston Rd  
● Preston 48 Friargate ● Sheffield Unit 5, 68 Division St ● Stoke 25 Liverpool Rd ● Sunderland 199 High St. West

CALLERS ALSO WELCOME AT THE PRIVATE SHOPS (our appointed agents)

Open Mon-Sat, 9.30am-6pm (Fri 8pm)

<b>CENTRAL LONDON</b> 81 Wandour St. Soho <b>EAST LONDON</b> 34 Upton Lane, E7 <b>NORTH LONDON</b> 114 Camden Road, NW1 <b>SOUTH LONDON</b> 318 Lewisham Rd SE13 1539 London Rd. Norbury SW16 also 19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 <b>WEST LONDON</b> 193 Chiswick High Rd W4 <b>ABERDEEN</b> 8 Chatten Place <b>ALDERSHOT</b> 2650 High St. <b>BARNSLY</b> 560 Doncaster Rd <b>BATH</b> 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lower Bristol Rd <b>BIRMINGHAM</b> 487 Stratford Rd. Sparkhill	<b>BLACKBURN</b> 71 Danev St. <b>BLACKPOOL</b> 311 Church St. <b>BOLTON</b> 201 St. George's Rd <b>BOURNEMOUTH</b> 216 Hordenhurst Rd <b>CAMBRIDGE</b> 38 Chesterton Rd. <b>CARDIFF</b> 9 Mill Lane <b>CARLISLE</b> 61 London Rd <b>CHATHAM</b> 18 High St <b>CHESTERFIELD</b> 528 Sheffield Rd. <b>CREWE</b> 74 Edleston Rd <b>DARLINGTON</b> 91 Victoria Rd. <b>DERBY</b> 61 Osmaston Rd <b>DUNDEE</b> 114 Strathmartine Rd.	<b>BLACKBURN</b> 125 Seaside <b>FOLKESTONE</b> 105 Dover Rd. <b>GLASGOW</b> 331 Dumbarton Rd. <b>GLoucester</b> 178a Barton St. <b>GRIMSBY</b> 189 Grimsby Rd. (Cleethorpes) <b>GT. YARMOUTH</b> 3 Howard St. North <b>HARTLEPOOL</b> 253 Raby Rd. <b>HASTINGS</b> 149 Queens Rd. <b>HOUNSLOW (Middx)</b> 78 Whitton Rd. <b>HUDDESFIELD</b> 70 Bradford Rd. <b>IPSWICH</b> 37 Norwich Rd. <b>KEIGHLEY (Yorks)</b> 32-34 South St.	<b>KILMARNOCK</b> 24 Portland St. <b>KINGSTON (Surrey)</b> 203 Kingston Rd. New Malden <b>LEICESTER</b> 116 Granby St. <b>LINCOLN</b> 68 High St. <b>LUTON</b> 74 Wellington St <b>MACCLESFIELD</b> 77 Chestergate <b>MAIDSTONE</b> 41 Upper Stone St. <b>MANCHESTER</b> 54 Oldham St. <b>MARGATE (Cliftonville)</b> 55 Northdown Rd. <b>MIDDLEBROUGH</b> 14 Borough Rd. <b>MORCAMBE</b> 86 Euston Rd. <b>OLDHAM</b> 95 Huddersfield Rd. <b>OXFORD</b> 54 Cowley Rd.	<b>PETERBOROUGH</b> 75 Dundie Rd. <b>PLYMOUTH</b> 23 Market Avenue <b>R. CHADALE</b> 8 - rake St <b>ROTHERHAM</b> 3 Rowmarsh Hill. Pivagate <b>SALE (Grtr M'chester)</b> 68 Cross St. <b>SOUTHEND</b> 39 Eastern Esplanade <b>STOKE Newley</b> 62/64 Piccadilly <b>SUNDERLAND</b> 20 Stockton Terrace. Grangefield <b>SWANSEA</b> 3 Dillwyn St. <b>WESTON-SUPER-MARE</b> 72 Meadow St <b>WOLVERHAMPTON</b> 17 Broad St <b>WREXHAM</b> 6 York St <b>YORK</b> 5 Scarcroft Rd.
--	---	---	--	--

**MAIL ORDER- Immediate Dispatch-** When payment is by cheque allow at least 14 days and please include your name and address on the back. PLEASE LIST YOUR REQUIREMENTS ON SEPARATE SHEET WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND CORRECT MONIES AND SEND TO SV OFFER (Dept CI ) 228 GREEN ST, FOREST GATE, LONDON E7



Continued from page 72

father figure to me and I always loved the idea of having a really older man as my boyfriend. We went out for a short while before I agreed to spend a night with him in a small hotel close to where I live. I had read lots of books and magazines on sex and seen several films and the subject never ceased to interest me. I was not and am not on the pill. I wanted to be fucked but I was really very frightened.

Well, this night was really quite horrible also. I didn't want to make love and Gordon forced my legs open and rammed his thing into me and I was terribly sick, bleeding heavily and crying. Gordon made me ill for many days and I now became very afraid in case he or any other man would hurt me again. I loved the idea of Gordon being my boyfriend though, and since he was abroad except two days a month usually, that was all I needed.

Some months later at work, I met the boyfriend of my best friend, Beatrice, another very beautiful Spanish girl who was unfortunately returning to live in Spain and to work as a teacher. Her boyfriend's name was Sammy and I think he was about my age or a little older. The thing was, he was very attractive in an unusual way, tall, strong, dark-haired with green eyes and an olive complexion. Most important was that he loved classical music as much as I do and lived on his own in his own flat. He had a wonderful stereo system and huge collection of classical records.

We became like brother and sister. I went everywhere with him and adored his company and valued beyond words his friendship. He never tried to make love to me and several months passed by like this. I don't know what made me feel differently because quite suddenly I wanted this man's sperm inside me. Being the girl I am, I am quite incapable of seducing or encouraging a man, no matter how close we are together as people. Put it down, I think, to a sort of guilt complex. So I had to subtly lay the trap and hoped that Sammy would find the scent.

So one night, I telephoned him about quarter to 12, saying that I had been drunk after a party and wanted to come and play some records as I was feeling lonely and needed his company. Sammy was his usual considerate self and I travelled over to his flat in a taxi. I must say at this point that not only was Sammy always surrounded by the most beautiful things — eg, the very best Hi-Fi, the very best in decor and taste — but by very beautiful women too. He certainly must have already been a fabulous lover judging by the way they all adored him and slept with him even with me often sleeping in the adjacent bedroom and enjoying the sighs of delight enjoyed by his women.

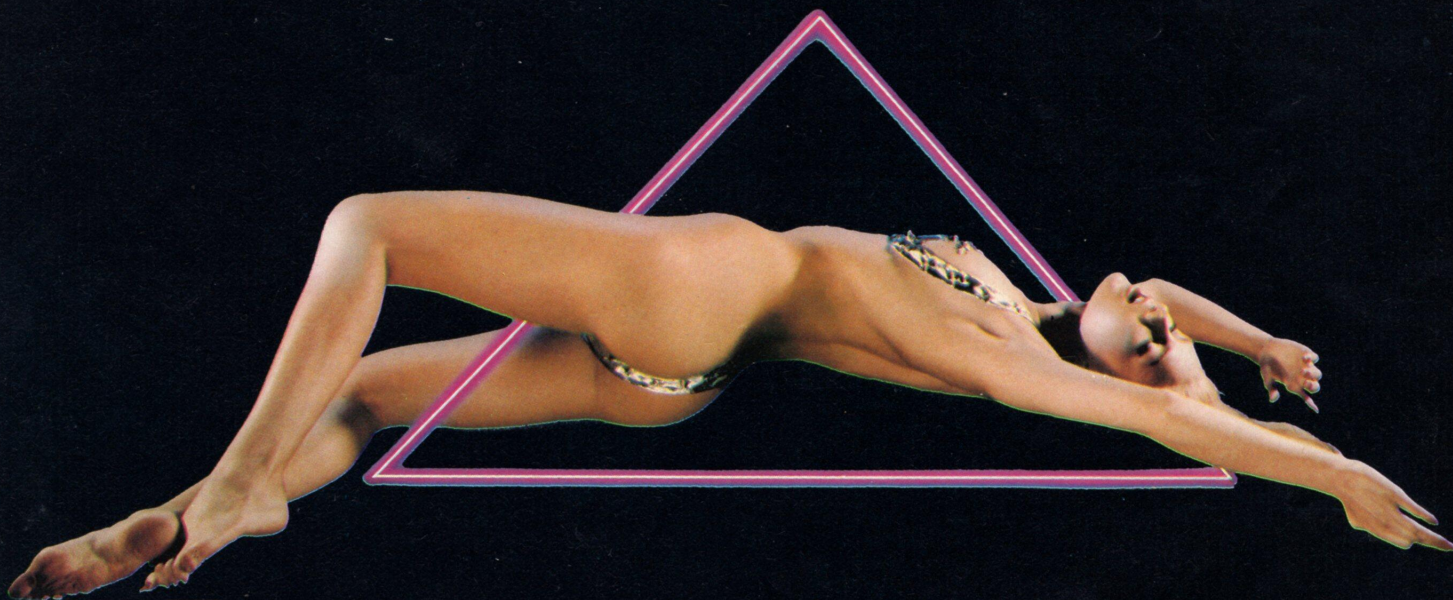
But tonight, it was I who needed him. He made me some good strong Turkish coffee and used his special genius for making a girl feel fantastically relaxed in his company. I cannot tell you how wonderful I always felt with him. I told Sammy that I wanted to lay down on his bed. So he put his arms around me to carry me into his own bedroom — which is also, need I add, well equipped with music. When he touched me I quickly guided his hand to my vagina rubbing him there. That did it! He took me into the bedroom and we kissed really passionately. That was a heaven in itself for me. Then I had to play my Spanish role which is built into me. I tried to push him away but he was much stronger than me. I said, shaking, to him, 'What are you doing? Please stop'. The more I pleaded the more he used force to pin me down.

He took all his clothes off, took down my pants and began sucking my

Continued on page 96



# PAUL RAYMOND'S *EROTICA*.x



## Put some real night-life into your night-life

Paul Raymond sets the pace for erotic entertainment. The *Raymond Revuebar* is one of England's top tourist attractions.

Now, with "*Erotica*" and its lavish \$3 million production budget, Paul Raymond brings new standards to adult video.

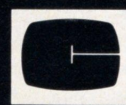
Liberated French photographer, Brigitte, comes to London to film the action at the *Raymond Revuebar*. But some of the atmosphere rubs off on her. You see her perform on both sides of the camera as boy meets girl – and girl meets girl!

Two gorgeous stars, Brigitte Lahaie and Diana Cochran, lead a fine cast of rare beauties – the girls (and boys) of the *Raymond Revuebar* plus

the centrefold models of *Men Only*, *Escort* and *Club International*.

"*Erotica*" is a must for all connoisseurs of adult entertainment. This video cassette is available on VHS and Beta formats, with a recommended retail price of £39.95. You can rent it instead if you prefer.

Ask your usual dealer for Paul Raymond's "*Erotica*" today.



**CARNABY  
VIDEO**

Shropshire House,  
2nd Floor, 2-10 Capper Street,  
London WC1E 6JS.  
Tel: 01-637 8981 (10 lines)

Brigitte Lahaie and Diana Cochran

and featuring

The Famous Revuebar Girls and the Beautiful  
Centrefold Models of *Men Only*, *Club* and *Escort* Magazines

© World Rights Vested in

**THE PAUL RAYMOND ORGANISATION LIMITED**

2 Archer Street, London W.1.

Warwick Records presents "DISCO EROTICA" 20 Disco Greats. Available on Record or Cassette.







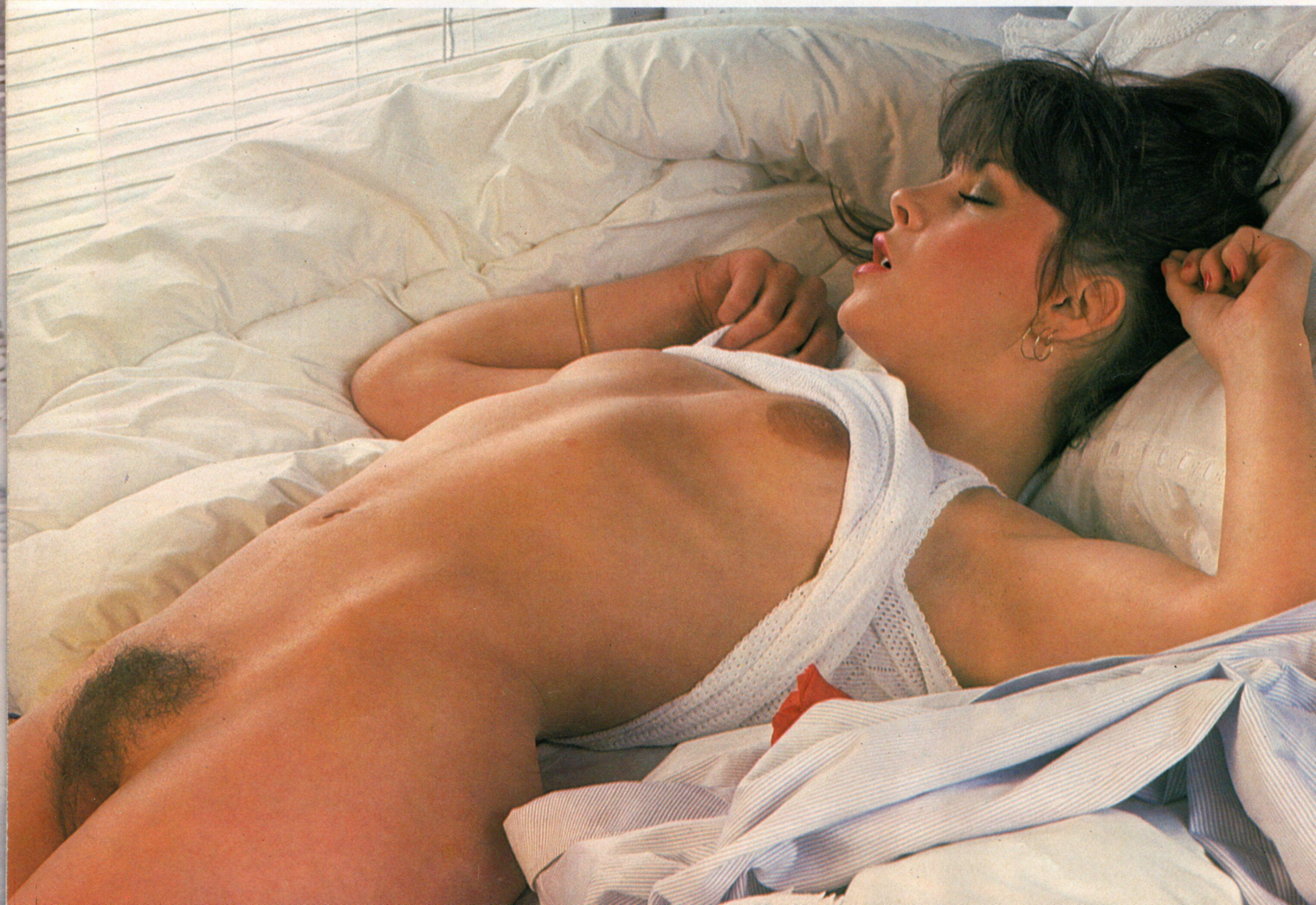
# Cydia

Photographs by Fanny



No doubt you've all heard of Lydia, the Tattooed Lady. You know, the one serenaded by the one and only Groucho Marx? No? Well, never mind, our Lydia has absolutely no connection with her whatsoever. But if the great Groucho was alive today, and was lucky enough to come within serenading distance of her, no doubt he'd be able to find just the right words to pay her proper tribute. Something along the lines of being as fresh as the rose she wears in her jacket, the whiteness of which serves only to emphasise her purity and innocence. But then again, knowing Groucho as ardent fans only can, perhaps not! ♣























accent that really meant this was only the beginning. She was about five feet 10 inches and, although I'm just about that myself, with shoes and all and hair swept up, she towered over me.

Actually she was perceived to tower over me because she had a dress on that must have set someone back about two or three hundred pounds, that had open lines under each breast, showing the beginning of the colour of the areola. She knew damn well that I had to look down, drawn to both spots, and no matter how tall I was, from the brief moment my head was bent she was in the driver's seat.

We were there to discuss a business deal which represented a substantial commission for her and was legitimate and all that. She would make more than I would, and she was the stuff of which my fantasies of childhood were born. This was the kind of babe you whistled at as a kid when she wiggled her backside as she walked by. Johnnie was the kind of girl who knew that you were looking at her cunt and would pretend that she didn't have one.

She thought the deal would be loused up and was surprised that it would be simple. I told her about my plain childhood, my humble beginnings at a college and played right into her well manicured accent, so that in a few moments she was in a mood to do some charitable work. I had learned a long time ago, whether you are a window cleaner, packing room clerk or messenger (and I have been all of those) the results can still be had from the kind of babe this deb represented. Once she thought she was good for something, she could be opened up.

**'You know the poor and other class have no imagination when it comes to sex. So I did my bit. The other didn't know what to do. So, of course, darling, I was pursuing him with my lips until the poor dumb dear shoved his thing into my mouth.'**

Later, after swallowing my largest shot, she told me that she liked fucking messengers and delivery men and the moving man, who she laid out on her divan, seconds after he had moved it into her new apartment.

'Actually,' and it sounded like 'exchually', 'there were two of them. I took them both on at once. One was fucking me in the conventional missionary manner. You know the poor and the other class have no imagination when it comes to sex. So I did my bit. The other didn't know what to do. So, of course, darling, I was pursuing him with my lips until the poor dumb dear shoved his thing into my mouth. He, they both for that matter, learned something and I was the better for having helped them. Now you, you don't look as if you need any help. What in heaven's name could I show you that you haven't had done before?'

So we began this mutual con game. Johnnie was willing to be convinced that I could need to learn, but she was equally sure that she had nothing new to show me and I was getting hard pressed (and up) to think of a reason.

'You know,' I told her as a last desperate

thought, not thinking it would work, 'I have never made it with a girl from . . .' and I mentioned her school. 'Well, no one who had made it the way you have in the business world. I've done much of what you have said,' which was a lie, but she would never have believed the truth. 'The thing is, making it with someone who represents your class is something you do as a kind of private secret.' I was telling her that I kept my mouth shut. It worked.

The trouble is, Johnnie was a lousy lay, but the best suck-off I've ever had. She had a slight protrusion of the upper teeth, so that when they were dragged along the hardened cock, they made that blue vein itch and turn and tremble so that I held her head and pushed her face, that gorgeous, high society, main line, blue blooded, Knob Hill, Back Bay type face against this poor country boy's crotch, with my cock down her throat. She was so grateful that she sucked and heaved and stood up, almost dragging me along. But I went with her. Then she lay down and pulled with her lips, stopped and pulled again, drew away, knowing just how long to stay, then came back again.

This went on until we were both ready. I came and she wet.

Later I told her she was a lousy lay and she cried. So she asked me to fuck her again and give her another chance. I did, and she did. She wasn't bad. Nice tight cunt, small bum that moved slowly. Not bad at all.

I saw Johnnie a week later at a cocktail party. She cut me dead. She did whisper one mean comment before the evening was over, 'You lied to me. I wasn't your first from my school.'

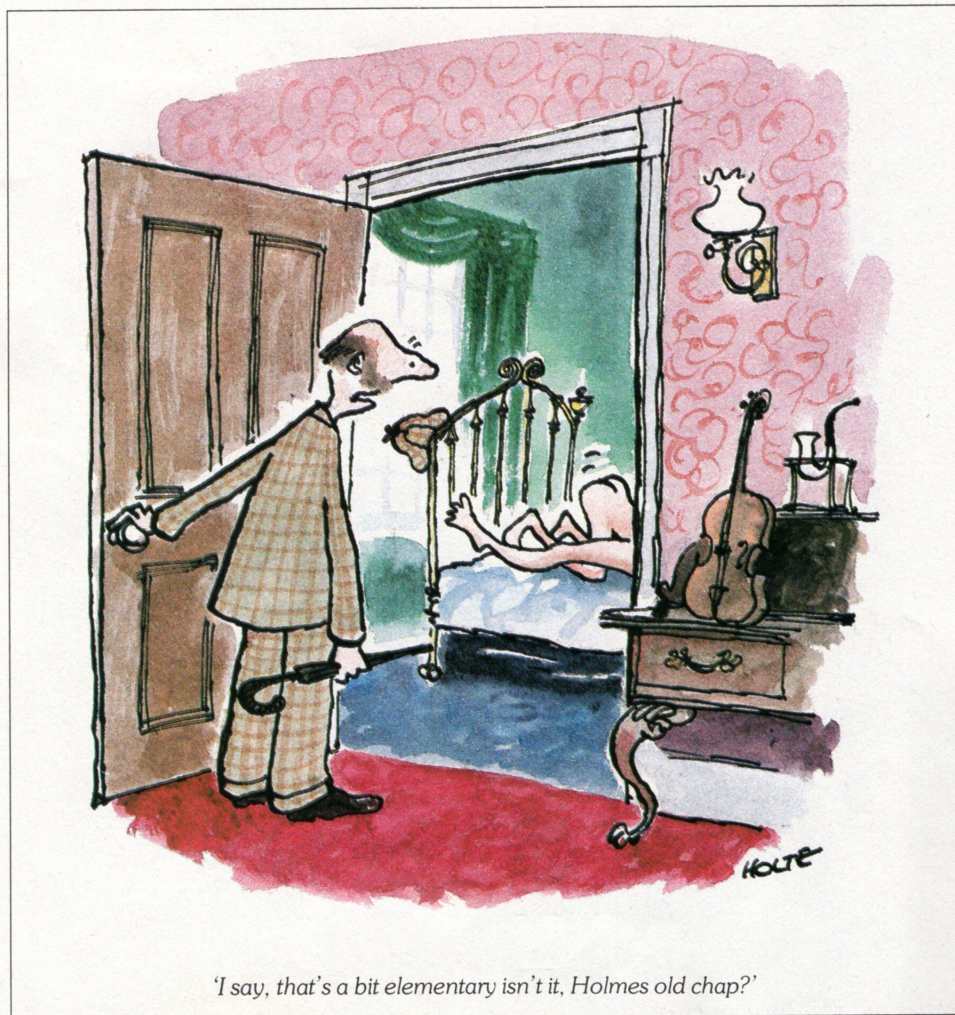
I never knew how the fuck she found out. Maybe the window cleaner told her.

I began to look a bit more closely at the female bodies in the corporate structure. You find them in the singles bars, of course. Whether you're a file clerk or an assistant to an assistant, don't be put off by how they sound or even if you can't follow the language. The terms and the words are defence measures to avoid the guys they figure are their competitors. If you want to make it with one, come on as if they are no different from the girl next door, especially if you have been fucking the girl next door.

If you don't represent a threat, you're in better command than the guy who edges up to the bar and talks their language, or what passes for language. If you want to tell her a dirty joke, do so. You'll find out that you'll make out far better with these kind of corporate bodies than the executive types who think they are the only engineers who can put their arses in motion. Don't kid yourself that you'll be asked in on certain class action.

But if you're interested in just plain arse action, don't be afraid of the way you dress, act or sound. Just be where they are. This will cost you twice as much for the booze or beer and you may have to start liking wine. These are really small prices to pay. For whatever they are, these are aching bodies that know that being laid up in the garage will get them no place. They keep moving on the track, but don't want to win too far ahead of the pack, their pack that is. So they will take you on because you represent no business threat.

Oh, you'll get dumped quickly enough. But there are so many of these bodies in the corporate scene now, that you can find them by the cunt and peck system. You don't even have to be a typist to know how to spell 'score'. ♣



'I say, that's a bit elementary isn't it, Holmes old chap?'



# Important Announcement!

The Private Organisation, 34 Upton Lane, London E7

## PRICES SLASHED TO 1970'S LEVEL

Our vast retail and mail order organisation enables us to buy quality sex accessories worldwide in bulk at deep cut prices. We are now able to pass these savings onto you.

### SPECIAL OFFERS ON PLEASURE AIDS



#### STIMU CREAM

—Cream for both partners—increases sensitivity. 3 large jars £10 or £4 each.

#### CASSANOVA CAPSULES

—Virility aid, double strength. 2 large packs £9 or £5 each.

#### SUPERMAN

—Latest deluxe hollow penis support with detachable straps £15.

#### UP 'N' DOWNER

—It goes in and out and up and down for as long as you want, plus variable vibro speed control—it works just like the real thing SPECIAL PRICE ONLY £8.95.

#### LATEST FRENCH TICKLERS

—Variety of 12, wear one and stimulate your partner to new peaks of excitement. 3 different NOW ONLY £3.00 ALL 12 £10.00.

### LOW PRICE FILMS!

Super 8 sex films, all action full colour 200' New titles from all over the world.

**FRENCH EXAMINATION**—they get to pass their 'O' levels.

**LESBIAN MENU**—a feast for Les Lovers.

**BLUE MOVIE EXPOSE**—takes the lid off Hamburg's porno district.

**SENSUAL SAUNA**—hot and extreme passion.

**NAKED LUST**—impatient but not impotent.

**TRIPLE FANTASY**—three into one will go.

**PORNO DOCTOR**—a very adult get together.

**ON THE GAME**—this game is very physical.

**TEACHER'S SEX**—the Headmaster interviews for the gym Mistress vacancy.

**PRISON DISCIPLINE**—confinement it may be—solitary it's not.

All 10 £199, any 5 for £105, any 3 for £65 or £25 each.

**THE APPRENTICE**—two guys, one teaches, one learns.

**GENTLEMEN'S CLUB**—members only.

**SHOWER ROOM**—hot steamy action.

All 3 £83 or £30 each.

#### NOW AVAILABLE—NEW

Direct from Denmark, 200' colour films

#### COLOR CLIMAX/ORGY 3

#### COLOR CLIMAX/ORGY 4

Both for £50 or £30 each

Our latest sex film pack is now available at prices that are unbeatable. Send £1 (refundable with first order).

#### UNBEATABLE VALUE! ADULT VIDEOS

The very best and very latest in adult sex viewing. Available VHS/BETA/PHPS 1700 (Add £10 each for Phillips)

#### PORNO DOUBLE FANTASY

#### HIGH VOLTAGE

#### ALL THE NAUGHTY BITS

#### SEX and the MARRIED WOMAN

#### PROSTITUTE

#### FRESH, YOUNG and SEXY

3 different £75 or £27.95 each.

#### ADULT VIDEO

#### RENTAL—

FROM £2.00 PER WEEK AT ANY SHOP—PREVIEW ROOM AT SELECTED SHOPS.

### END OF LINE DEALS ON DOLLS!

Last few of a quality but discontinued line. No way will you ever get a better deal on a doll.

#### DOMINIQUE

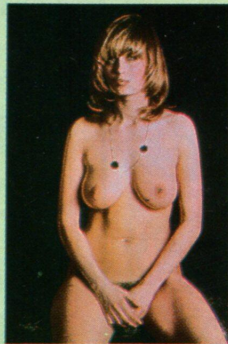
—Dominate Dominique, blond, blue eyed, realistic in every detail includes 3 inviting places £15.00

#### MISS VELVET TOUCH

—Ever eager, ever ready and talks (with tape or record) £19.95.

#### THE PRIVATE MANUAL

Latest sex products, old fashioned prices. Free with purchase or send £1 (refundable with first order).



### COMPARE THE PRICES! BOOKS & MAGS

#### SCAN IMPORTS

—Genuine Danish uncensored mags—grab yourself a slice of the action at bargain prices 20 different £15 12 for £10 or Sample £1.00.

#### COLOR CLIMAX

—Hard to get numbers 121, 124 and 127—collectors items at giveaway prices—first come first served. All 3 £7 or just £3.00 each.

#### EROTIC NOVELS

—Full length including photo session. Danish German or American, will blow your mind wide open but not your wallet. All tastes catered for. 7 selected for £5 or £1.00 each.

#### SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

—The all time classic sex manual illustrated and informative. Usually well over a fiver

Our price ONLY £2.00.

#### HIGH-FLYERS CONTACT BOOKS

—Complete info, with names, addresses and telephone numbers, on models, escorts, masseuses nationwide, plus single girls, couples and groups all longing to meet you—a valuable pocket book for the travelling businessman—all the UK covered. Normally £5 each we offer 3 different for £5 or Sample just £2.00.

#### 'LISTEN WITH' MAGS

—All colour, all action with free sex records. £5 for 4 different or Sample £1.50.

#### GAY COLLECTION

—Lusty & thrusty. Black ram, Building Site and Dressing Room Lust etc. 10 title pack £10, 5 title pack £7 or Sample just £1.50.

#### IMPORTED BIG BOOB MAGS

Incredible 50" plus. 6 different £5. or Sample £1.25.

#### THE ART OF ORAL LOVE

—Illustrated and uncensored guide to oralism

SPECIAL PRICE £2.50.

#### IMMEDIATE DESPATCH

MAIL ORDER FORM I enclose cheque/PO/cash for £ (If paying by cheque please write your name and address on reverse and allow at least 14 days) Both catalogues only £1

Please send my free catalogues with the following items:

ITEM PRICE ITEM PRICE

NAME

ADDRESS

(I am over 18)

The Private Organisation Dept (C1) 34 Upton Lane Forest Gate London E7

Callers welcome at The Private Shops

Look and browse before you buy, in comfort, in confidence. Mon-Sat 9.30am-6pm (Fri 8pm)

#### ENGLAND & WALES

CENTRAL LONDON 81 Wardour St. Soho EAST LONDON 34 Upton Lane, E7 NORTH LONDON 114 Camden Road, NW1 SOUTH LONDON 318 Lewisham Rd SE13 1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16 also 19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 ALDERSHOT 266b High St. BARNSELY 560 Doncaster Rd BATH 28 Victoria Bldgs. Lower Bristol Rd BIRMINGHAM 487 Stratford Rd. Sparkhill BLACKBURN 71 Darwen St. BLACKPOOL 311 Church St. BOLTON 201 St. George's Rd. BOURNEMOUTH 216 Holdenhurst Rd. BRADFORD 147 Manningham Lane. BRIGHTON 11 Surrey St. BRISTOL 76/78a West St. Old Market. BURNLEY 124c Colne Rd. BURY 94 Rochdale Rd. CAMBRIDGE 38 Chesterton Rd. CARDIFF 9 Mill Lane. CARLISLE 6 London Rd. CHATHAM 18 High St. CHESTERFIELD 528 Sheffield Rd. CHISWICK 193 Chiswick High Rd W4 COVENTRY 34 Walsgrave Rd. Kingsway. CREWE 74 Edleston Rd. DARLINGTON 91 Victoria Rd. DERBY 61 Osaston Rd. EASTBOURNE 135 Seaside EXETER 133 Fore St. FOLKESTONE 105 Dover Rd. GLOUCESTER 178a Barton St. GRIMSBY 189 Grimsby Rd. (Cleethorpes) GT. YARMOUTH 3 Howard St. NORTH HARTLEPOOL 253 Raby Rd. HASTINGS 149 Queens Rd. HIGH WYCOMBE Bucks 152 Desborough Rd. HORNCHURCH Essex 144 Hornchurch Rd. HOUNSLOW (Midx) 78 Whitton Rd. HUDDERSFIELD 70 Bradford Rd. Fartown HULL 263 Hessle Rd. IPSWICH 37 Norwich Rd. KEIGHLEY Yorks 32-34 South St. KINGSTON (Surrey) 203 Kingston Rd. New Malden LEEDS 237 Chapeltown Rd. LEICESTER 116 Granby St. LINCOLN 68 High St. LIVERPOOL 63 Moorfields LUTON 74 Wellington St. MACCLESFIELD 77 Chestergate MAIDSTONE 41 Upper Stone St. MANCHESTER 54 Oldham St. MARGATE Cliftonville 55 Northdown Rd. MIDDLESBROUGH 14 Borough Rd. MORCAMBE 86 Euston Rd. NEWCASTLE 250 Westgate Rd. NEWPORT 14 Sovereign Arcade, Kingsway Centre. NORWICH 39 St. Augustine's St. NOTTINGHAM 16 Carrington St. OLDHAM 95 Huddersfield Rd. OXFORD 54 Cowley Rd. PETERBOROUGH 75 Oundle Rd. PLYMOUTH 23 Market Avenue PORTSMOUTH 62 Castle Rd. Southsea PRESTON 442 New Hall Lane READING 108 Southampton St. ROCHEDALE 8 Drake St. ROTHERHAM 3 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate SALE (Gtr M) Chester 68 Cross St. SCUNTHORPE 25 Dunstall St. SHEFFIELD 354 Abbeydale Rd. SHREWSBURY 40 Wyle Cop SOUTHDOWN 39 Eastern Esplanade STOKE Hanley 62/64 Piccadilly. SUNDERLAND 20 Stockton Terrace Grange Town SWANSEA 3 Dillwyn St. SWINDON 7 Devizes Rd. WAKEFIELD 71 Doncaster Rd. WALSALL 67 Stafford St. WATFORD 169 St. Albans Rd. WEST BROMWICH 19 Bull St. Ringway WESTON-SUPER-MARE 72 Meadow St. WOLVERHAMPTON 17 Broad St. WREXHAM 6 Tonke St. YORK 5 Scarcroft Rd. SCOTLAND ABERDEEN 8 Chattan Place DUNDEE 114 Strathmartine Rd. EDINBURGH 244 Leith Walk GLASGOW 331 Dumbarton Rd. GLASGOW (STH) 17 Clarkston Rd. KILMARNOCK 24 Portland St.



# Do YOU Attract Women?

Get to first base every time with 'Aeolus 7' the undetectable female attractant Pheromone — the scent that attracts women without them being aware of it.

## What you should know about Pheromones

Pheromones are the undetectable natural scents that we exude and which affect the way we react to others, both socially and sexually. Scientists have recently been successful in isolating some of these Pheromones, and the one of greatest interest to men is Androstenone which attracts women. We all know that there is a minority of men who seem to attract women without effort. These are the men with a high Androstenone level — less than ten per cent of the male population. For the rest of us, the mating game has always been hard work — until now. After several years of research 'Aeolus 7', the Androstenone Pheromone scent is finally available to the public.

## Experiments prove the effectiveness of Androstenone

Results of the many experiments demonstrating the effectiveness of Androstenone have been widely reported in the press. The following extracts from some of these reports are convincing proof that it is a powerful female attractant.

## What the press say about male Pheromones

'Minute quantities were sprayed on a chair in a Dentist's waiting room. Women patients made straight for the chair.' *The Sunday Times* (20/1/80)

'Heaven Scent! The secret of Sex - cess.' *The Sun* (21/3/79)

'The Spray gives men a heady start when it comes to the mating game.' *The Sun* (21/3/79)

'A male sex pheromone which has a scent that attracts females.' *Time* (Vol. 115. No. 2)

'The potential of these new discoveries is immense.' *Men Only* (Vol. 44. No. 4)

'The scent is likely to produce a state of sexual excitement or arousal.' *Men Only* (Vol. 44. No. 4)

'Dr. Alex Comfort suggests that the musky natural scents may act directly on the brain's sex centre to heighten sexual arousal — but at a level below the threshold of awareness.' *Cosmopolitan* (July 79)

'Our push-button world has come up with an instant answer for all men who can't pull the birds. . . . Spray-On Sex Appeal.' *Daily Mirror* (19/3/80)

'This stuff makes Petunia want to screw like a bunny.' *Oui* (September 79)

'Cheaper than cocaine and twice as effective.' *Oui* (September 79)

'And now this Pheromone has been marketed, we've tested it — and good grief, it works.' *Knave* (Vol. 11. No. 10)

## —Demonstrated on BBC's Tomorrow's World—

## Users reports confirm success with 'Aeolus 7'

Now that 'Aeolus 7' is on the market, reports from users confirm the effects of this fantastic Pheromone.

One man, a salesman had found it impossible to get past the secretary of a man he wanted to see. After spraying his lapel with 'Aeolus 7' he paid another call, and suddenly found her unbelievably co-operative in getting him in to see her boss, and her previously cold attitude had changed dramatically.

Another man, middle-aged, travelling by train, was surprised when an attractive young girl entered, and ignoring a number of empty seats, sat close to him and engaged him in conversation. (Reported in a letter to Forum Vol. 13. No. 1)

A young man, who had always had difficulty in getting anything going with girls, wrote enthusiastically to report his first sexual experience after using 'Aeolus 7'.

## What more can we say?

The press reports alone speak for themselves. 'Aeolus 7' is the ultimate male cosmetic, that very few of us can do without. Send for yours today and open the door to some new and exciting experiences. 'Aeolus 7' comes in a handy aerosol container, with full instructions and costs just £10.00 plus £1.50 V.A.T. and £0.50 postage and packing.

One spray of 'Aeolus 7' will last at least ten days and there is sufficient for fifteen sprays in each container. Enough to last for nearly five months.

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

## FALCON

12 Newington Green Road, London N1 4RX.

Please send me container(s) of 'Aeolus 7' at £12.00 per container (inclusive of V.A.T. and P. & P.). I enclose cheque/P.O./Cash.

Value £

Signature

Name

Address

Please  
PRINT  
clearly

Please send me bumper size sex catalogue. I enclose £1 ☐ CI-11

# NUMBER

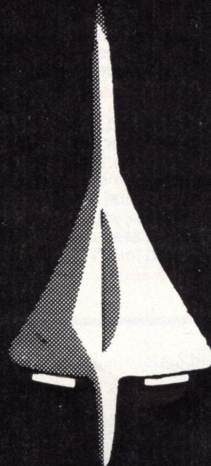
**24 HOUR  
SERVICE**

**VISITING  
MASSAGE**

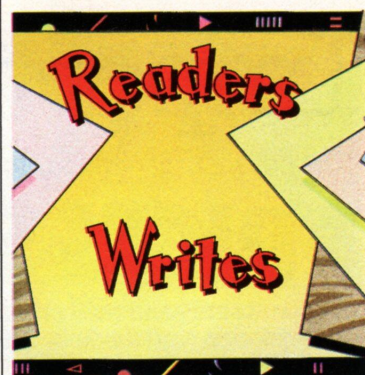
**CALL  
ANYTIME  
LONDON**

**01-487 2531**

**HEATHROW  
VISITING MASSAGE  
(AIRPORT AREA)**



**RING  
221  
5844**



Continued from page 84

vagina. That was so beautiful a feeling. I then ungratefully pushed him away hard but he forced my legs apart, my stockings remaining on being held up by garters. He lifted my dress right up around my waist and pushed his penis into the lips of my vagina. I just melted then. I was shaking so much with the thrill and intensity of it all. As I clung my arms around his body, he pushed the rest of his penis right up into me. I now helped him, opening my legs wider so that he could thrust deeply into me, withdraw, and push it up me again while I bounced my little bottom up and down for him. Then the movements grew wilder and he pushed harder into me, until he came and I felt his hot come shoot out like a fountain into my body.

I had read of what it does to a man to suck him off and this I did until he came not only into my mouth but over my face and hair, after which he asked me to lay face down so he could put his penis up me from behind me. I really adored this and Sammy made me have my very first orgasm as he 'came' inside me for the second time.

Sammy and I had regular intercourse every week after that for two years. But by the time this letter is printed we will be apart because I am emigrating to Adelaide, as Gordon is finding me a job as a model on Australian Television, since I have some modelling experience in England. I will initially work in Gordon's health studio for the first few months. But, whatever the future holds, I shall love Sammy always and forever be grateful to his making me into a real woman. I really hope he finds the happiness with a woman he deserves.  
N.D, London.

## Pardon Me

Sir: I feel I must say what a fabulous magazine you have with such luscious girls. My kink is wanting to have a look at pretty girls burping as the expression would really turn me on. Could you, if possible, include some photos of girls posing as if doing the real thing.  
T S, Hendon.



## Generation Game

Sir: When I was dating my last girlfriend, which lasted about two years, I had a marvellous experience. It was with her mother, a very sexy and attractive looking woman of 45, or 46, I think.

Her husband was overweight and lazy, always went out right after tea, and came home about 11 every night, and then went straight up to bed.

One night, after an argument with my girlfriend, I stormed out of the house, but returned the next night to try to make up.

I knocked and walked straight in, to find she had gone out with her friends, so her mother said.

The time was half past seven, the husband had been gone a good hour, leaving her in on her own. She was laying down on the settee watching television, showing more leg than usual. Her face was made up, and she looked fantastic, with eye shadow make-up, bright red lipstick, and sexily smoking a long menthol cigarette.

'I think I'll go for a pint then,' I said.

'Oh, that's a shame,' she said, 'I was going to have a bath, and you could have scrubbed my back.'

'I wouldn't mind,' I said, and laughed.

She jumped to her feet, got hold of my hand and started walking up stairs. I was shocked and thought it was a joke, so I said 'Do you mean it?'. 'Course I do,' she replied.

When we got into the bathroom she turned to face me, dropped her skirt and started to unbutton her blouse.

We were both worked up and breathing heavily. I was squeezing the big nipples and she was trying to undo my pants. I have a large penis, nine inches in length, seven inch girth, and when she pulled my under-pants down and grabbed hold of it she said 'My God!'

I said 'Do you like it?' and she replied 'I love it!' We raced to the bedroom and we had a fantastic session, for about one hour.

The next night I came up and the girlfriend and I made it up. However, I still went up early every Wednesday when she went to night school, and her mother and I would make love in her daughter's bed.

My courting days finished, after my girlfriend found another boy, and so did my affair with her mother. It was for the best I suppose. ♣  
H S, Lincs.

# Michelle

Visiting Massage

by

Attractive

Masseuses

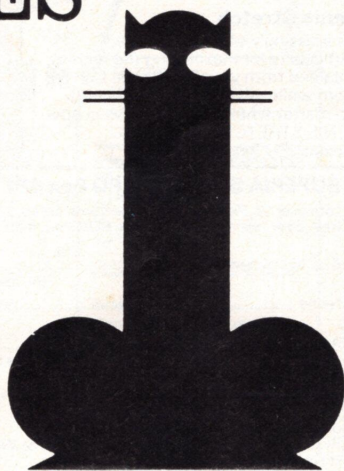
Ring 01-202 4593



## IN LONDON

## PUSSY CAT ESCORT SERVICES

Call  
**TANJA**  
on  
**221-4345**



Let **DEBBIE**  
**HARRY** be your Number 1  
calendar offer

She's a stunner—and you'll get  
13 glamorous poster size  
(16 1/2" x 11 3/4") colour pin-ups in the  
**1982 OFFICIAL DEBBIE CALENDAR**  
Don't miss your chance of an exciting  
glimpse of Debbie each day of the year.  
Order yours now!

Fill in coupon and send **£2.99**

Add £1 for each calendar (inc. P&P & VAT)  
for overseas orders

(including Southern Ireland)

to: Department Debbie,  
Danilo Printing Ltd.,  
41-43 Bath Street, London EC1

Delivery within 28 days.

Also available in good record stores.

Trade enquiries welcome.



Name \_\_\_\_\_ B6

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Quantity \_\_\_\_\_

BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

Reg. No. 1247202

Department Debbie,

Danilo Printing Ltd., 41-43 Bath Street, London EC1



# FOXY LADY VISITING MASSAGE



Ring 221 5507

GIRLS LOCATED IN LONDON  
AND HEATHROW AIRPORT

DR. BLAKOE'S POWERMASTER FOR

## New Dimensions in your Love Life

Dr. Blakoe's original Powermaster  
— the ultimate penis developer — guarantees  
increased length and girth provided  
the instructions are adhered to.

Why settle for substitutes when you can be the proud  
possessor of the real thing!  
For over 50 years the original Blakoe Powermaster  
method of penis enlargement has given complete  
satisfaction to thousands of men — and, of course,  
their partners. Each Powermaster penis developer is  
precision-made, by hand, with a built-in scale to help you  
measure your success! It never fails to give results.  
Think BIG! Invest in your Powermaster NOW. You'll never  
regret it. Start achieving the dimensions you've always  
desired — the Blakoe Powermaster way! Lasts a lifetime!



### DR. BLAKOE'S POWERMASTER PENIS DEVELOPER

Standard Length: 9" (22.5 cm)  
Internal circumference: 6½" (15.5 cm)

**£60** POST  
FREE

### SUPER POWERMASTER

Length: 12" (30 cm). Internal circumference  
8" (20 cm). For SUPER MALES!

**£75** POST  
FREE

#### FULL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Send remittance  
with coupon  
NOW. Or write for  
full confidential  
details without  
obligation.

**BLAKOE LIMITED,**  
225 PUTNEY  
BRIDGE RD.,  
LONDON  
SW15 2PY,  
ENGLAND

Many users graduate to the Super Powermaster within a year.

To: Blakoe Ltd., 225 Putney Bridge Rd.,  
London SW15 2PY, England.

Please send details of the Blakoe Powermaster method of  
penis enlargement ☐ tick

Please send me... Standard Powermaster/s @ £60 each

Please send me... SUPER Powermaster/s @ £75 each

I enclose remittance of £..... as payment in full.  
OVERSEAS please add £10 for air mail delivery.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Registered No. 1922650

## SUPERIA SUPER SAVERS

### Thruster

Introducing the  
World's first and only  
vibrator to move up  
and down. Yes, the  
THRUSTER is truly a  
dual-action delight for  
every woman. Switch  
on the battery-  
powered control unit  
and its softly  
cushioned rubber  
head vibrates  
purringly. Now push  
the switch to the  
second position and  
the THRUSTER also  
begins a straight up-  
and-down movement,  
extending and  
contracting with a  
smooth power. An  
exquisitely sensual  
experience. The  
THRUSTER makes  
ordinary vibrators  
outdated. **£5.95**



### Pussy Pleasers

**Pleaser A** The sleekest multi-speed  
vibrator ever made. So smooth it will slip  
into almost any hole! **£3.95**

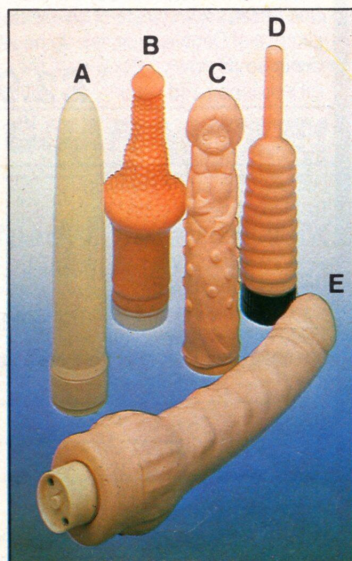
**Pleaser B** An all time best-seller in the USA  
— with both sexes. The unique shape of this  
pleaser, coupled with its hundreds of  
vibrating pimples, makes it perfect for  
probing your most intimate parts. **£5.95**

**Pleaser C** This little fellow twists and turns  
as well as vibrates. He's sure to be a  
favourite with every sexy woman. **£4.95**

**Pleaser D** This multi-speed vibro, in firm but  
pliable latex, has an inquisitive probing finger  
that will really get her going. **£3.95**

**Pleaser E** Better than the real thing — and  
it vibrates too! This top quality motorised  
latex dildo must be the best discount offer  
ever at just **£5.95**

**Save £5 — All 5 Pleasers for just £19.75**



### Penis Developer



Asserted by leading sexologist  
Dr Robert Chartham to be the only  
tested mechanical appliance that  
proved successful for enlargement of  
the male organ. Do not be deterred by  
our very low price — this developer is  
the latest model, with variable-size cuff  
to ensure a perfect fit and complete  
with exercise chart, full instructions  
and special lubricant. Free bonus copy  
of Everything You Always Wanted to  
Know About Penis Enlargement  
included. **£6.95**

### Penis Stretch

An amazingly effective device,  
particularly for maximising the results  
obtained from your Developer. Can be  
worn while you walk, work or sleep.  
No matter what size your penis is now  
PENIS STRETCH can make it  
measurably longer. **£2.50**

### Non-Doctor De Luxe

Exciting new 'MULTISPEED' version  
enabling both the speed and intensity  
of the vibrations to be instantly  
adjusted to suit the mood. PLUS four  
extra sleeve attachments for even  
more fantastic sensations. Sculptured  
in smooth black plastic with its  
distinctive gold band, it is unrivalled  
for sturdiness and quiet action. The  
complete kit, including batteries and  
extra sleeves for just **£6.50**



### SUPERIA SALES ( ), PO Box 424, HOVE, East Sussex BN3 1EU

I am over 18. Please rush me the items ticked, post  
free, under plain cover, I enclose PO/Cheque for

£ .....

Name .....

Address .....

Foreign orders welcome — please add 20% for  
overseas postage costs.

REGD. OFFICE: Superia House, Brunswick St. West,  
Hove, East Sussex.

Full catalogues of marital aids included with all orders  
(or send stamp). Trade enquiries invited.

**Thruster £5.95** ☐

**Pleaser A £3.95** ☐

**Pleaser B £5.95** ☐

**Pleaser C £4.95** ☐

**Pleaser D £3.95** ☐

**Pleaser E £5.95** ☐

**Penis Developer £6.95** ☐

**Penis Stretch £2.50** ☐

**Non-Doctor De Luxe £6.50** ☐



*Elena*

*Visiting Massage  
by Young Attractive  
Masseuses*

*phone* 01-202 4363

*Any time*

**AIRPORT AREA  
01-906 1772**

**APPLE**

**24 HOUR SERVICE**

**VISITING  
MASSAGE**

**01-486 4645**

**Rubber Lady**

There are times in any man's life when he does not happen to have a suitable sympathetic sex partner—or when you want to avoid the complications of a romantic entanglement.

At such times the Rubber Lady is ready and always willing to afford you the deep relaxation and full satisfaction which is every man's birthright.

Rubber Lady arrives in discreet, neutral packaging. It takes only a few minutes of simple preparation until she lies invitingly before you; skin-textured and complete with elegantly-styled hair. She has a million-dollar figure and full, erect nipples.

A real woman, from her sympathetic face to her realistic pubic hair. Her soft, inviting vagina is very deep and always ready to receive you, her demanding lover.

And it's you who calls the tune; whichever position you care to choose, your Rubber Lady is always available, always ready to give you relief and relaxation. There is even a fully realistic anus, and Rubber Lady will not complain if you should want to experiment with her!

It goes without saying that everything can afterwards be cleaned quickly and easily.

Don't hesitate, you too, deserve a Rubber Lady of your own! Rubber Lady is waiting for you—don't keep the lady waiting!

**Pay Cash on Delivery**

**SHE'S YOUR VERY OWN PLAY-GIRL**

**HURRY—PRICE MUST GO UP SOON!**

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

**£29.95**  
plus  
£1.95 p&p

**THREE MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM**

**OUR OWN EXCLUSIVE DESIGN FEATURES**

- \* REAL HAIR-EYE LASHES !
- \* HAIR-CHOOSE YOUR OWN COLOUR!
- \* BUSHY PUBIC HAIRS!
- \* AIR POWERED MOUTH AND LIPS!
- \* HUMAN SIZE PRESSURIZED VAGINA!
- \* ANUS AND RECTUM!
- \* FIRM SMOOTH BREASTS AND PROTRUDING NIPPLES!
- \* RUBBER PUMP-INFLATES HER INSTANTLY!
- \* LIFE LIKE!!!
- \* SHE HAS EVERYTHING YOU WANT!

**FALCON RUBBER PRODUCTS**  
12 Newington Green Rd., London N1

Gentlemen: Please rush me by return of post. I understand she comes complete with all female built-in features.

☐ Blonde Woman  
☐ Brunette Woman  
☐ Dark Woman

I enclose £2.50 to cover post, packing and COD charges and will pay £29.95 cash on delivery.

Signature .....

I enclose £29.95 and £1.95 P&P. Please send my woman today.

Signature .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

**SEX AIDS! Send 20p stamp for brochures**

**IMPORTANT**  
SHE'S LIFE SIZE  
SHE'S LIFE-LIKE  
AND  
SHE'S INSTANT ACTION

Guaranteed money back if not satisfied with delivery

**New Celebrity**

Luxury unisex sauna.

Fantastic vibrator massage.

Invigorating impulse showers.

Super sun giant sun tan equipment.

Full body hot air dryer.

Luxury lounge, colour T.V., soft lights, piped music, deep carpets.

Free drink (scotch, brandy, vodka, gin, etc.), free coffee and tea.

London's most beautiful girls, highly trained and friendly.

Soft, comfortable cabins for your massage.

A smile and a chat for all our customers.

Come and smile away your cares, let us look after you.

We want you to tell your friends, and we want you to visit us any time between 11.30 am—1.30 am. 7 days a week at the New Celebrity.

85, Charlotte St.  
London, W1.  
Tel. 01-580 3546

ALL CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

HERE WE ARE  
PHONE OR POP IN  
NO APPOINTMENTS  
NEEDED

Just off Tottenham Court Road London W1  
near Goodge Street Station.

Map showing location: 85, Charlotte St. near Goodge St. Station, Tottenham Court Rd., Rathbone Place, Oxford St., Percy St.





# COME AND SEE THE RALLY KINGS IN ACTION

**LOMBARD RAC RALLY 22-25 November  
WORLD RALLY CHAMPIONSHIP 1981**

